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THE RAIN UPON THE SILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY T. M. DE HYLTON, M. D.

I hear the pattering of the rain
Upon the window-sill;
It wakes a sad and doleful strain
Upon the air, so chill.

It seems as if it were the tears
That angels, high above,
Let fall upon the silent biers
Of those we used to love.

There is a mournful melody
In ev'ry drop that falls,
That mocks the guileless jollity
Of children in the halls.

And as it trickles down the panes,
And leaves behind its streak,
It 'minds me of the briny stains
I've seen on Sorrow's cheek.

When sad-eyed Grief, with melting soul,
Would sit and weep her fill
Of pearly drops, like Heaven's dole,
Her throbbing heart to still.

The splashing of the genial rain,
Though soothing in its sound,
Oft brings to mind forgotten pain
With solitude profound.

And yet I love to hear it dance
Upon my window-sill,
And watch the silv'ry drops that prance,
And skip about at will.

Each seems the other to defy,
Like children when at play,
In leaping far and bounding high,
Their sportiness to display.

But when the sunshine intervenes
Its glittering rays so bold,
Ah! then, appear the fairy scenes
Of diamonds and gold.

And all the sadness that awoke
A moment brief before
Is banished, like a whiff of smoke,
To joy to life restore.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Aymeric had formed a certain opinion of the Widow Salviac, and walked into the reception-room with a confidence begotten of a faith in his preconceived notions. What he saw astonished him considerably.

George Salviac's mother was standing beside a large easy-chair, from which she had arisen on the entrance of the two young men. She was attired in deep mourning, and the black robes relieved the whiteness of her features and heightened their colorless appearance until they seemed to be chiseled in marble. Her snow-white hair contrasted strangely with her large, sparkling black eyes, and the dark arched brows that surmounted them. Her tall, stately figure, her proud bearing, and an indescribable rigor and fixedness which even characterized the folds of her long black robe gave her the air of a Roman matron, while the clearness of her complexion, the fullness of her lips, and the total absence of wrinkles from her face would justify the belief of the observer that she was not over forty-five years of age. Her two hands (the hands of a duchess) were crossed on her bosom, and her lips, half parted in a sad smile, gave a glimpse of white and regular teeth.

This apparition stood in the broad daylight that streamed into the apartment from the open window, and the Baron stopped when he saw it, stricken with uncontrollable surprise and admiration.

"Mother," said George joyfully, "this is the brave friend who saved my life last evening."

"You are welcome to our house, citizen," said Madame Salviac in a sweet, grave voice.

"She too," thought Candeil, "gives me that title of citizen, while I am tempted to call her 'Your Majesty.'"

He swallowed the democratic handle that had been put to his name as best he could, however, and concealed his chagrin under the compliments usual to such occasions.

"Madame," said he, advancing, "your son has discharged his debt of gratitude and made me in turn his debtor, in giving me the pleasure of this greeting by you."

Here the Baron stopped like a timid schoolboy. A glance of the widow's black eyes had suddenly disarranged his eloquence and driven all the neat, flowery phrases he was arranging into inextricable disorder. She gazed at him with a look that no other woman had ever bestowed on him. She seemed to be studying his face, and as she gazed a feeling of horror seemed to be creeping over her—a feeling which was shown on her features, and which Aymeric was not accustomed to inspiring. Her lips moved for a long time, but the only words that were heard were very faintly:

"What a terrible resemblance!"

The long silence that followed was broken by George with his joyous vivacity.

"Dear mother," said he, "I know my friend's name now. I should have told you it before, but in my life in bivouac I am losing the etiquette you trained me in so carefully in my boyhood. Allow me to present to you Charles Fougeray, a good Frenchman still, though a citizen of the American Republic."

"Charles Fougeray?" repeated the widow with a stern look and in a tone of voice that the Baron thought very singular.

"The Devil take the luck!" thought Aymeric. "I hope she doesn't know me? Who knows but I may have met this magnificent Republican matron somewhere before the Revolution."

"In what Department were you born, Citizen?" asked Madame Salviac slowly and with deliberation.

"Is she going to cross-examine me?" thought the Baron, but he answered promptly: "I sailed for New Orleans, madame, long before they thought of cutting up our old provinces into little slices; so it would be difficult to name the Department where I was born; but I am sure it was in Normandy somewhere."

"It is strange! From your features, your look and your voice I should judge you were born in the central part of France."

"Devil take it!" said Aymeric to himself. "What a keen scent! She has the instincts of a lieutenant of police, and I must be on my guard while I'm here."

This determination had its effect at once in giving the Baron an air of constraint. George attributed this change in his friend's manner to the curiosity manifested by his mother in regard to Aymeric's birthplace.

"Gascon or Norman, what matters it?" said he gayly. "If he's a good Frenchman that covers all, and he proved to me he was last night."

"I know, my dear child, that the citizen defended you, but ——"

"Defended me? Of course he did, and when the fight was ten to one against me. That's conduct that is worth all the certificates of birth and proofs of loyalty in the world. So I should never dream of asking the birthplace of a friend like that."

The reproach that was intended in these words did not escape the widow.

"Excuse me, citizen," said she with an effort, "if the surprise I have manifested on meeting you has made me forget for the moment all we owe you."

Saying this, she sank slowly and with rigid dignity into her arm-chair.

"I am not used to creating so much interest," said he politely; "and I fear, madame, that my rude New World manners seem strange to you. But what can you expect? One cannot live with impunity for eighteen long years in a country of savages; but, rude though my manners may be, I have not failed to appreciate your kind reception."

"Would to Heaven that France resembled the country of savages, as you call your American brethren, citizen, for human liberty is firmly established there," said Madame Salviac with enthusiasm.

"Decidedly, madame, I am unfortunate today, for I have offended you inadvertently, perhaps, by my jocular allusion to our friends on the other side of the Atlantic."

"It needed but little, three years ago," said the widow, "to have decided me to make America my permanent home. If I had not a son ——"

"Yes; but luckily you had a son, my dear mother," said the young officer, "and I hope you will never leave the country for which he fights. With or without a Convention, France is always France, and ——"

"George!" interrupted the widow, casting a stern glance at him.

"Well, then, let us drop the subject," said the lieutenant, "and concern ourselves a little with the affairs of our friend here. He has just arrived in Paris after an absence of many years, and knows no one in the city. It appears to me it is our duty to find him suitable lodgings. I think our good old Gertrude can accommodate him. He will be very comfortable there, and, besides, will be our very near neighbor, and ——"

"And we can see each other very often," interrupted the Baron. "I hope, too, that your mother will not find an occasional visit from me disagreeable."

Instead of making the usual formal answer to such a complimentary remark, the widow maintained a silence which Aymeric interpreted to mean that his future visits would not be welcome. Stung by this, he arose to take his leave. His glance fell upon her face, and he was stricken with astonishment at the change there apparent. Her pale cheeks had suddenly colored, and her black eyes, snapping and sparkling under the black eyebrows, were regarding him with a strange intensity of look. It was evident that she was hesitating, in doubt whether it would be proper to express to her son's friend the thoughts that were in her heart.

"Citizen," said she at last, "my house will always be open to him who has defended George's life. It will be for you alone to judge if it will be agreeable or proper for you to come."

"Can you doubt it would be agreeable, madame?"

"Let me finish, I pray. Your name—that is, the name my son tells me is yours—is entirely unknown to me, and if your face recalls to me the remembrance of—of—of a person whom I saw years ago, it is not the less true that we, you and I, have never met before the present time."

"I am sure of that, madame, for your features are such that once seen they are not easily driven out of one's mind," said Candeil gallantly, but evidently much mystified by this interview from beginning to end.

"But without knowing you," resumed Madame Salviac, "I know you belong to a family that was attached to the old regime. If you had not said the same in confidence to my son last night, I should have known from your manners and your language that you cannot bring yourself to accept our grand Revolution with anything like enthusiasm. And why? Because the Revolution has deprived you of your privileges; perhaps it has even persecuted, if not you yourself, at least yours."

"Confound the old lynx! Where is she going to end?" thought Aymeric, with a growing feeling of apprehension, although he answered carelessly enough: "Bah! We were poor gentry in our little bailiwick, and the Republic did not deprive us of much, for our feudal rights consisted of a few rents, and several dozen fat capons, besides the products of our farm. The Revolution took all this, it is true; but in doing so it did me a service, since it sent me abroad, where I have made my fortune."

"But it forced you to expatriate yourself, and I cannot think you are really very thankful for that. Now, listen to me. You are young, and I certainly have no right to hold you responsible for the crimes of the nobility, but ——"

"Mother, I beg of you," supplicated George, who felt keenly the position of his friend.

The widow cast a severe glance at her son, and resumed, with increasing animation:

"I hate this nobility, because it has for centuries oppressed my country; I hate it bitterly and to the death, because I have suffered heretofore from the villainous abuse of the power which was given to the privileged classes during the reigns of our tyrants."

Candeil needed all his self-restraint to hold back the retort that was forcing its way to his lips in answer to the vehement tirade of this fierce priestess of democracy. He managed to contain himself, however, but less from the fear of compromising himself than from the habit of respectfully deferring to the opinions of the softer sex without attempting to argue with them.

"The man who gave me his name," said Madame Salviac, "shared my hatred and my enthusiasm. He died for liberty. He was sent to the scaffold by men who believed that in sacrificing his life they would save the grand cause of the people. I have pardoned them for their error, as he has pardoned them, even on his way to the scaffold; but I have not abjured his faith, and I am still ready to sacrifice in the cause of the Revolution both my life and the life of my son!"

"Madame," interrupted the refugee, with all the mildness he could command, "the sentiments you express are not exactly in accord with mine, but the slight difference in opinion which separates us will not change in the slightest degree the respect I entertain for you and the friendship I bear for George."

"Mother," said the young officer, determined to bring the conversation to an end as soon as possible, "before he came to my rescue against the ruffian who intended to kill me, Monsieur Fougeray did not stop to ask me whether I was a Republican or a Royalist, and it does not become us now to ask him such questions."

"You are right, my son. I do not wish him to whom you owe your life to misunderstand my motives for making these expressions of my opinion. What I wished him to understand was this: The man under whose roof you are at this moment sat in the Convention with the 'Mountain.' He contributed to his utmost in abolishing the monarchy, and when the hour came to decide the fate of the last of our Kings he was one of those ——"

"What!" cried the Baron, suddenly losing his coldness. "He voted ——"

"For death!" said Madame Salviac with savage coldness.

Candeil grew deathly pale, and bit his lip till the blood came.

"And, citizen," said the widow in a slow and solemn voice. "Now that you know in whose house you are, the door of that house will always be open to you, and you may always count on the devotion of those who dwell in it."

A freezing silence ensued, giving Aymeric abundant opportunity for reflection.

"In what hornet's nest have I forced myself!" he thought. "No one but I would have had the misfortune to have tumbled into the house of the widow of a regicide."

It would have taken very little to have made him retort with a very uncomplimentary review of the late patriot and his deeds. But he reflected that such a course would be impolitic, and, moreover, would estrange George Salviac, whose aid was indispensable to enable him to carry out the plans of the conspirators. He answered with an effort:

"Madame, I still can see no barrier to our firm friendship. It is undeniably true that my family in the past has not been able to appreciate all the benefit that the Revolution did our country; but I left the country at so early an age, and have taken so little interest in political subjects during my life, that I find myself lacking interest in the political complications of the country at this moment. So these questions need not separate us, and, in taking my leave, let me hope it will not be for long, and accept my regrets for the emotion my presence has caused you."

Candeil rattled off this conventional jargon with his most polite air, but secretly he vowed never again to set foot in the house, although he might preserve his friendly relations with the young man. As for George, he was so confused by the reception his friend had met that he asked nothing better than to get him out of the house as speedily as possible.

"Come, my dear Charles," said he, "Gertrude is waiting for us."

"And Therese, too, I suppose?" said Madame Salviac with a smile.

The Roman austerity of her look had changed to motherly tenderness. Candeil could not help admiring under this new aspect the magnificent creature whom the fierce revolutionary transports of the time had a few moments before given the appearance of a raging fury; but, at the same time, his curiosity was awakened when he heard a new feminine named mentioned.

"Ah!" he thought, "it appears that with Gertrude there is a Therese. So much the better. Gertrude is a snappish sort of name. It puts one in mind of some sharpeyed duenna, while Therese ——"

"Come, Charles," said George, interrupting the Baron's thoughts.

Candeil did not need any urging to leave the house, but he carried his dissimulation to the point of kissing the widow's hand, and she had not the rudeness to withdraw it from the respectful caress, though this formality clashed sadly with the rude Republican customs she affected.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PRETTY REPUBLICAN.

A moment afterwards the Baron left the gloomy house in company with the young officer, whose manner showed that he was suffering much chagrin from what had occurred.

"You must pardon my mother for not having received you as cordially as I should have wished," said he with some embarrassment. "It was the first time you had met, and I did wrong when I recounted the facts of our adventure to tell her anything about your political opinions."

"Oh, never mind it," said Candeil; "I care too little for questions of politics to allow them to put a cloud on our friendship. And now, I beg of you, guide me speedily to the lodgings you have chosen for me, for I am dying of hunger, and, after all the sentiment we have indulged in, I have only prosaic aspirations to a good breakfast."

"Why didn't you say so before? Why didn't I think of it myself? You might have breakfasted at our house."

"Oh, no. I need to freshen up my toilet a little, for I am unwashed and as dusty as a drayman," answered the natty Baron, with a depreciating glance at his tight-fitting bottle-green coat. "And, you remember, your mother even remarked that I seemed as if I had come from the middle of France. Perhaps she alluded to the condition of my dress."

Candeil added this simply with the design of drawing from George, if possible, an explanation of the astonishment the widow had manifested when she first saw his face.

"Oh, no, it wasn't that," said George, laughing. "My mother, judging from your complexion and your hair, thought you were a native of the same department, or at least that you were born in the vicinity, for she came from beyond the Loire herself."

"Indeed! Well, do you know that your mother's eyes would almost convince one that she has Spanish blood in her veins?"

"But, for all that, she was born in the poor country about Perigorde. My mother's father was a peasant who cultivated a little domain for his lord between Brives and Isariat."

It would be difficult to describe the condition of astonishment into which this geographical explanation threw the Baron. The young officer had simply described the very neighborhood in which he (the Baron) was born and reared. The strange emotion manifested by Madame Salviac when she first saw him had now doubled in importance in his estimation. Had she in times past known any of his family, and had his resemblance to that one revived the memories of her youth? Although Aymeric was much perplexed by this mystery, he had sufficient command over himself to conceal his feelings and to account for the expression of his curiosity on the score of interest in the lieutenant's family.

"But," said he, "Madame Salviac could not have spent many years of her life in so barbarous a region of the country. She must surely have been reared in Paris."

"There you are wrong, my dear friend," replied George. "My mother was twenty when she married my father, a poor lawyer without practice, and she lived in the village of Cahors with him up to the very day that he was elected a representative of the people. My boyhood was passed in that village. You see, I have still preserved the air and manner of a provincial."

"Well, what is it to us whether your mother's doctrines are fierce or not? For my part, I have come to Paris to amuse myself, and I find; my dear George, that the most serious thing in life at our age is love. Don't you think so?"

"I agree with you perfectly," said the young Republican, "and I don't mind telling you so, since you made me a tender confidence as early in our acquaintance as last night. By the way, did you see the lady you were going to visit when I left you?"

"Oh, yes, I saw her," answered the Baron in the hurried tone one employs when he wishes to turn the conversation into a new channel. "But, since you remind me that I have made you a confidant in my love affairs, I remark that you have told me nothing of yours."

"Mine? Oh, there's nothing mysterious in my love affairs," answered George, "and it's hardly worth while detailing them to you. Such confidences are only interesting when relieved by adventures and dangers. My love-making is very monotonous and uninteresting when told."

"But not to a friend."

"Yes, even to a friend. Ah, if I were only like you, with stolen interviews at midnight, and high walls to scale, and jealous rivals to avoid, then what interest I might excite! But what can be said of a passion that peacefully follows its course, like a river gliding smoothly on between flowery banks, without even a cascade to break its pleasant course?"

"What's this? What's this?" ejaculated Candeil. "Why, my dear boy, for a lieutenant of the Thirty-eighth you use very flowery figures of comparison."

"Well, you see what is the result of being born in a peasant's cottage on the farm at Querey?" responded the lieutenant, joining in the Baron's merriment.

"Oh, no; you didn't learn your poetry there. The Gascons are not found of playing Phyllis and Chloe," said the mettlesome Baron. "But now, since you have begun your confession, you may as well finish it."

"I can hardly refuse that, since in my character of Romeo I am taking you to the house of my Juliet."

"Indeed! But I hope we are not to see her until I have repaired some of the disorders of my costume."

"Oh, my Juliet is not of the ordinary kind. She will receive you just as well as you are. But, whether I wished to or not, I would have to introduce you without giving you time to freshen up your toilet."

"How is that? Why, before I can be presentable to a lady I must draw on my wardrobe, I assure you."

"But we are going to her house direct."

"Why not find my lodgings first, and go to visit your charmer afterwards? Remember, I have many things to do. First of all, I must have breakfast, and, as I haven't had a wink of sleep all night, I ought to have a short nap at least."

"You shall be installed, you shall have your breakfast, and you shall sleep if you will; but all these things must be inevitably after you have seen my lady-love."

"George," sighed the Baron in comical despair, "you are terrible. You are determined I shall not appear at my best before this charmer. I suppose her bright eyes may burn my head, while you will feel doubly safe in her disgust at the stupid, sleepy, travel-stained lout you introduce as your friend."

"Her eyes are blue and gentle; you need have no fear of them," said George, "for Therese is not so violent as my mother, nor so fierce in her reception of my friends."

"Therese? Ah! It's Therese, is it? What a pretty name! Didn't I hear it spoken a short time since?"

"Yes, by my mother."

"Ah! Now I understand. Your mother hinted that this Therese was awaiting your coming at the house of Madame Gertrude."

The lieutenant smiled, and made an affirmative sign.

"But," continued the Baron, "this Gertrude, if I am not mistaken, is the same obliging person who is to furnish me my lodgings."

"She is."

"And the same person whom you informed me was your nurse?"

"Exactly."

"Then Madame or Mlle. Therese ——"

"Mlle. Therese is her daughter."

"Ah, ha! That's it at last. Now, when is the wedding to be? I expect to be a guest, of course, you know."

"We haven't settled that point yet; but, if I am promoted to a captaincy, as I hope to be very soon, I shall request a transfer with that rank into the guard of the Directory on duty in Paris, and I will marry my dear Therese."

"Good fortune attend you then. And you should be a happy couple; for if your Therese has one-half the good qualities as a woman that you have as a man ——"

"She? Ah, my dear Charles, she is an angel, a pearl without price—as good as she is beautiful. But you shall see her in a moment and judge for yourself, for here we are at the Rue Marais."

ELEPHANT FIGHT IN INDIA.

"I take it a great honor that you have selected my lodgings under the same roof with so adorable a woman, and the one who above all others commands your worship," said Candeil.

"Don't mention it. It is you who will do me a favor in living there," said the officer.

"How?"

"Why, don't you see that as long as you live there I will have an additional excuse for my frequent calls? My mother is a little jealous of my visits to the Rue Marais; but if she knows the man who has saved my life lives there she cannot find fault."

"Excuse the question, but is Madame Salviac ignorant of your intention of marrying?"

"She never allows me to speak at length on the subject, and I don't think she ever dreams of such a thing."

"Oh, I understand. Your mother objects on the score of the great difference in your conditions in life," said the Baron.

"You are wrong again," said George with a smile. "My mother has no prejudice of that kind; and, besides, she holds Gertrude in high esteem. She comes from our province, you must remember, and was my mother's playmate. There is another reason, and I am sure you could never guess it."

"I acknowledge I can't see what can stand in the way, then," said Aymeric.

"My mother is opposed to this union—would you believe it?—because Gertrude is a Royalist."

Candeil burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, then," said he, striving hard to preserve a serious tone, "this poor Gertrude has been firm in her adherence to the good cause—I mean the cause of the King—and it is very flattering to his majesty, too; for this good lady can surely have not the least interest in the re-establishment of his majesty Louis the Eighteenth on the throne of his fathers."

"Gertrude never acts from motives of interest," replied the young officer, who was somewhat annoyed by the jocular tone of his friend.

"But if it turns out that Mlle. Therese shares the sentiments of the mother," said the Baron, "it would be a compliment indeed to my opinions. She would be a recruit to be proud of, although you intend shortly to bear her off from us a prisoner to the Republican side."

"Therese never occupies herself with politics," replied George. "Do you see that high wall, covered with moss?" said the officer suddenly.

"What—the one halfway down the street on our right?"

"Yes."

"Is that the house you are taking me to?"

"Yes."

"Why, that has all the appearance of a lordly mansion, and the Devil take me if I believe they will let furnished rooms in such a house as that."

"No, indeed, this quiet dwelling does not resemble the noisy inns about the Palais Royal. You will find it a quieter dwelling-place indeed. It is the selection of my dear Therese. She prefers quiet and retirement, but Gertrude would prefer to live nearer the Rue de la Loi, where Therese has to carry her work."

"What's that? Her work?"

"Why, yes. Therese makes artificial flowers, and the store where she disposes of her work is opposite the Rue Feydeau. In the Summer she has her models under her eye, for she works in the little garden which you can see from the window of the room in which you are to be lodged."

"Well, that is a beautiful prospect for me, and one that makes the lodgings worth double their price," said the Baron gallantly.

"Yes; and you shall judge in a moment, too, whether I have good taste in regard to beauty," said George earnestly.

By this time the two had reached the door. The young officer raised the bronze knocker and gave two polite raps.

"They expect us," he said to Aymeric. "I have been here before, this morning, and told Gertrude all about you."

"And to Mlle. Therese, too," said Candeil, smiling, "for I don't suppose you came only to see the mother."

George would have replied, but the opening of the door at this moment cut him short. A pleasant-appearing woman stood on the sill before them.

"Here you are again?" said she in a cheerful voice.

There was no need to tell the Baron her name in order to let him know who she was. Her features, her figure, and her accent proved her the purest type of the peasant-woman of the middle section of France, a little polished by residence in Paris, perhaps, yet still in gait, manner and speech a true Gascon as she was. Anyone would have guessed by simply looking at her that she had been a farm-hand, but no one would have supposed that she had been a servant.

"Ah! you've brought the gentleman with you," said he interrogatively, opening the door wide and making a sign for them to enter.

George made way for Candeil, and the latter, who had up to this time kept in the background, advanced and stepped over the sill. The moment Gertrude saw him closely she started back with an exclamation of surprise.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the good woman. "One would swear it was our dear lord! Tell me, young man, are you a Gascon?"

The scene that had taken place at Madame Salviac's was renewed, but this time the old nurse had stated the resemblance that had surprised her.

"What in the Devil's name is the matter with me," he grumbled, "that every woman I meet seems to have arranged that she shall find some resemblance in me to someone else?"

"Stand aside and let us enter, Mother Gertrude," said George. "My friend is weary with travel, and has had no sleep. That may make him look and speak a little roughly, but it is no proof that he was born among our mountains of Quercy."

"I am very sorry," said Candeil, "but I must truthfully inform the lady that I was brought up among the fertile fields of Normandy."

Gertrude, however, still eyed him with a fixed look that began to be annoying.

"Well, Mother Gertrude," said George, "if I did not know you well I should begin to think you intend to shut your door in our faces."

Gertrude had her attention still riveted on the Baron.

"Monsieur," said the old peasant-woman, "you may deny you are a Gascon, but I am sure you will not deny you are of noble birth."

This unexpected remark put the Baron quite ill at ease.

"Noble, my good lady?" replied he, trying hard to assume a careless air under her searching scrutiny. "Well, I believe my father was a little higher in rank than a peasant, but, after all, are there any noblemen nowadays?"

"Are there any? Of course there are, and there always will be; and since you are one, you have done well to seek your lodging in the dwelling of Gertrude Peylan."

"Didn't I tell you so?" whispered George in the Baron's ear. "The nobility is a mania with her."

"Come, monsieur," said the nurse, "follow me and I will show you your room."

"Has Therese come back from the shop yet?" asked George.

"Yes; she is waiting for you in the sitting-room," answered Gertrude.

As she spoke, Gertrude led the way through a long, broad hallway, which ended in a narrow passage, in which were a staircase leading above, and the doors of a couple of apartments on the ground-floor, this wing of the building having but a single story in height above the ground. Beyond this was a fine garden, which extended about three sides of the house, and was to be seen through the open door.

"On the left hand, here, monsieur," said the nurse, "are our rooms, but above the entire building is yours, and I hope you will find it very pleasant, for the birds will come early every morning and sing under your windows, and you will not lose a ray of sunlight."

"I am flattered indeed," said Candeil, "in being permitted to make my home here; but I fear I shall trouble you, for I may be obliged to return home some nights very late, and I suppose in this quiet quarter you retire quite early."

"Why, Therese sometimes works up to midnight; and anyhow you can have a key and can come and go at any hour."

"Then these quarters suit me in every respect. Show me to my room, and say nothing of money. Your price is mine," said the Baron.

"No, no," said Gertrude firmly. "*Your* price shall be *mine*. Nowadays noblemen are not plentifully provided with money, and I should prefer to lodge you a year for nothing than to have you go to a wretched inn full of rogues and *sans culottes*."

"Ah, Mother Gertrude," said the young officer, "you forget that I am by, and I am one of them, you know."

"You? Not a bit of it. You're not of their race. You couldn't be like them if you were to try. And if you only knew what I know ——"

Gertrude here suddenly broke off the thread of her discourse, as if she feared she was saying too much, and, turning to the Baron and pulling him by the sleeve, returned to her first topic:

"Come, monsieur, I will show you the room. You will find the staircase somewhat narrow, but it isn't long;" and with these words she ran up the stairs as if she were weighted with only a light twenty years of life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ELEPHANT FIGHT.

Whether seen in stately procession with circuses, standing on his head in the sawdust, drawing ponderous guns on the battle-field, kneeling down in line, as if drilled by a sergeant, and making his salaam, majestically heading the gorgeous retinue of the great Nabob, or in battle array in the arena, the elephant is always an object of the greatest curiosity. Our illustration shows him engaged in a pitched battle. The scene of the contest is at Baroda, Bombay, E. I., where elephant-fighting is carried on in much the same spirit as bull-fighting is in Spain. The arena for wild-beast combats in India is known as the Agga; it is an inclosure of one hundred and eighty yards long by sixty yards broad, with walls twenty feet high. The walls are pierced by low archways, into which men engaged may retreat in case of being attacked by the animals. At one extremity is a grand-stand three stories high. In this arena we once witnessed a combat of which our engraving is a fair illustration. On our entering the gateway two elephants of enormous size were seen, one tied to the wall opposite the grand-stand, the other chained to the wall on the right of it. Amid the flourish of trumpets and clang of almost every conceivable kind of rude music, the elephants were let loose. One of them, being tortured by men in the safety arches, began to make things lively by endeavoring to tear down the wall; but sharp spears and red cloths were used to divert his attention. He then made for his tormentors, who escaped by flight to the arches. The enraged elephant's attention was now directed to the other elephant, which had been an on-looker all the time. They approached each other stealthily; but the attendants followed them up with shouts, lance-pricks, and other instruments of torture, until they were bewildered with rage. With heads down and tails erect, the elephants now charged each other with thundering thuds. Hard hitting was the order of the day. Their tusks having been sawed off to the length of three feet, and wedged over with bands of gold to prevent splitting, they soared each other with these weapons most unmercifully, clouds of dust appeared; tusks rustled and clattered, proboscis met proboscis in furious convolutions, and their vast hulls shook under the strain of combat. Not content with this, when the elephants had got their trunks encircled in a knot for the final struggle, the attendants placed squibs at the end of their spears and set them beneath the combatants, which made them more savage than before. For the fourth time they separated, but only to renew the contest with greater fury. Victory was claimed for both, but the contest finally came to an end by one of the elephants having by a dexterous move turned his enemy's flank, and butted him on the quarter and stern with such force that—amid the cheers of the spectators—he turned and fled, beaten, and rammed by his partner until he was brought up by the wall. The attendants then, with rackets and squibs, came in once more, and the combatants were separated, and the elephants were secured by a little strategy. While the elephant's attention was directed to men in front who menaced and teased him with spears and flags, others, armed with large iron clamps, watched their opportunity, and, from behind, clipped first one and then the other of his hind legs in the clamps, over which they lassoed strong ropes, so that he was unable to run, and he was then led off to quarters. Both victor and vanquished were afterwards treated to a gallon of arrack each. This may appear to be a large quantity, but it was but a thimbleful to these mountains of flesh and bone. The elephant, like his driver, is particularly fond of "a nerver." Before the amalgamation of the East India Company and British armies, in 1858, the elephant in the former's army was regaled with a gallon of arrack per diem, served out with his rations. But John Bull stopped his grog when he assumed command of the amalgamated forces, and it so happened that, immediately following the order, Mr. Elephant was ordered out for morning drill. He obeyed until he was fairly harnessed to a heavy field-gun, when he refused to trudge an inch. It was supposed that the stopping of his "allowance" was the cause of this mutinous conduct; and, to verify it, a gallon of arrack was brought and given to the elephant. It is needless to say he swallowed it, and then went on quietly with his drilling. Another elephant, attached to the same battery, could not be induced under any circumstances to drill until he had had his "little nip;" and because they did not hurry up with it, he simply placed one of his hind feet against the limber of the gun and forced himself out of harness.

TRANSFORMED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ANNIE HINDLE.

You said a sharp and spiteful thing,
And thought, perhaps, to make me cry,
Or thought that I should feel the sting,
And angrily reply.

You wonder at the saintly mood
That made my words so soft and low,
And ask if I am growing good,
And say it was not always so.

Ah! if no anger I reveal,
The merit hardly is my own—
It is not that I do not feel
The sting of your rebuking tone.

The reason you would hardly guess—
My heart is not of sense bereft;
It is so full of happiness,
There is no room for anger left.

So full of bliss, 'tis true, 'tis true,
There is no room for aught beside;
An undercurrent of love runs through,
And leaves the waters purified.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan., 1879.

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY BART SMITH.

The "Nondescript Combination" were traveling in the Northwest, and, business being very good, the members of the company were in the best of spirits. The drama they were playing introduced the star in the modernized Bill Teil business, viz., shoots an apple from the head of Miss Serene, who, of the marksman's back turned towards the object (the apple). Several of the gang had become quite proficient in the "specialty," themselves practicing on inanimate "understanders" for the apple, as none were possessed of sufficient nerve to stand for any but the star, in whom all had greatest confidence. Besides the backward shot, Miss Serene (who was also starred, but in smaller type) did a forward off-hand shot, breaking a pipe held in the mouth of the star.

We struck K——, a burg famous for its "good shots," and we soon ascertained that it also contained many skeptics and unbelievers in the "backward shot" part of our show.

"Sim Watkins," said one of the new-mown-hay gatherers, "he's jist the boss shooter, he is, and he can't hit nothing behind him, 'cause he aint got no eyes behind, he aint."

"Ye can't fool us, even if we aint Easters," giggled a second.

"Ef you want to see some *good* shooting, all frontwise, though, just drop over to the Flats, and see how some on us shoot," said a grizzled old man. "We're going to have a match-shoot to-day, and the prizes are sweepstakes."

"Ef that thar man can't shoot front," said another, pointing to the quarter-sheet wood-cut of the "backward shot," "he can rake a good pile."

These and sundry remarks were reported to the star, and he and several of the male members of the company resolved to attend the "shoot," as all were of the opinion that it would be the best way to advertise our show, and so we informed the men who were so prolific in their remarks.

In the afternoon we repaired to the "Flats," and there found a great crowd of the citizens, who were quite stirred up by the news that the show-actors were going to join in.

Three of the lesser luminaries were entered for the first match, the star remaining out, so that we could give them a starter when the curtain fell on the "shoot."

Each contestant was to have three shots, the highest total to scoop the pot. The shooting was excellent, and two of the trio were considerably distanced by the "Iowans." Fifteen for a bull's-eye, and one of the Western men had three of them to his credit. The last of the three Thespians entered, tied him, and in the shoot-off beat him by making three more bull's-eyes.

"By Jo! you show-actors aint slouches, nohow!" enthusiastically exclaimed the defeated Westerner.

"Oh, we are only ordinary; but that man, the world-famed backward-shot, can hit that bull's-eye every time."

"I've got money says as how he can't hit her five in succession, even up for a double X."

"I'll take it," and the star deposited the money in the hands of a stakeholder.

Judges were appointed, and he took his stand at the line.

One—two—three—four—five times he struck it, and coolly collared the money.

"Well, I swar!" exclaimed the crowd in chorus.

One of the gang then walked to the target, holding in his hand a clay pipe, and, placing it against the bull's-eye, was about to give the signal to fire when someone cried out:

"Git away from that, or you'll get shot, young man."

"No," said the smiling star. "I'm going to break the bowl of that pipe he holds in his hand."

A sudden silence pervaded the shooters as they gathered round the line. Slowly and deliberately the rifle was raised, the finger pressed the trigger, and he as slowly and deliberately removed it from his shoulder, and a sigh of relief came from the bystanders.

"He daran't do it." "He's saved that man's life by not shooting them," were some of the pungent sayings which greeted the star as he brought his rifle to a rest.

Without a word he again brought his rifle to his shoulder, again the finger pressed the trigger, the report came, and the pieces of the shattered bowl were flying in every direction. Tumultuous cheers broke the silence, and praises were loud and enthusiastic.

"That's nothing, gentlemen," said the smiling star; "I'll show you better than that."

He produced a small rope, and, tieing it to a branch of a tree which hung low, he paced off thirty yards. After loading, he placed the gun to his shoulder, and, without apparently pausing to take aim, he let fly, and the rope, struck by the bullet, swayed to and fro. Great applause. He then placed an apple (which he had prepared for the occasion) on a stump of a tree, and at about fifteen paces began to adjust his mirror to a tree-trunk. All being ready, he turned towards the wondering group and said:

"Gentlemen, you doubt my ability to do the backward shot. I am about to attempt it here, and will accomplish the same shot to-night, with this difference—the apple will be placed on a lady's head, instead of on a stump."

"If you do that, you can catch us every time, mister," said the champion of the shooters, who now began to believe that they couldn't shoot much, anyhow.

Getting into position again, the rifle was raised, his back towards the stump, and the apple was soon reduced to fragments.

This, the final, set the Western men wild, and expressions of wonder and congratulation flowed volubly from their lips.

"Gentlemen," said the star, "come and see me to-night. What I have done is nothing to what will be done then. The lady is a better shot than I, and I will be glad to see you on hand when the curtain rises. Good-day, gentlemen," and the quartet of professionals wended their way hotelward.

The house that night was packed, and "way down front" could be seen the faces of the shooters who had participated in the day's match.

When Miss Serene had safely gone through the ordeal of holding the apple she became quite game to do some; but when she made her off-hand shot at the pipe held by the teeth of the star, the people in the house was "counting down," both on the audience and as a finale.

We have not heard as yet of any subscriptions circulating out there, although their appreciation of the backward shot, but we opine that their curiosity is pretty well stifled by this time by the departing Westerners.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

F. FARWELL, Phila.—1. Large numbers of colored men were drafted during the late war, principally in the border States. 2. The first colored regiments were mustered into service in the latter part of 1863, in Louisiana. At the end of 1863 about 50,000 had been organized into regiments. Gov. Andrews of Massachusetts commenced to recruit colored troops in January, 1863. The Fifteenth Amendment did not pass Congress until after the close of the war, and it became a legal and binding part of the Constitution by proclamation of the President March 30, 1870. 3. We answered this question previously to the effect that we could not give you the locality of the fighting ground. 4. THE CLIPPER was started in 1853.

DEREK, Georgetown.—1. It lies between A and B; and as B beat A, the latter loses. Having beaten one man, C is clear. He was not in any way responsible for the private understanding between A and B, which complicated what otherwise would have been a clear case. Had C, in the particular game of billiards, given B odds, he would have by this particular game of billiards, given B odds, he would have by this particular time positively responsible with A for any complication, and a similar result would have made all three players equally losers of the game. 2. The man who killed but two birds gets nothing.

OCTIDA, Philadelphia.—Perhaps the best books for anybody to study are the Bible, the dictionary and Shakespeare. But no course of reading ever made, or ever will make, a poet. Familiarity with the standard authors may improve your taste, while a knowledge of prosody may improve your taste, while a knowledge of prosody may improve your taste, while a knowledge of prosody

BILLIARDS.

WHAT IS THOUGHT AT THE OCCIDENT

The Alta Californian of Feb. 25 remarks: "The game of billiards has become so easy to experts that a tournament is no longer interesting. The best 'nurser' beats the cleverest caromer. So, to keep the public from withdrawing all attention from the game, the New York experts have gotten up some new rules, which are outlined in our dispatches this morning. This was necessary. On the other hand, the average amateur player will be dismayed by the prospect. If he can't count 'scratches,' and must observe the new rules, a game will occupy him all night, and he will have to leave the table." That the Orient may also be heard, we reproduce the following from the editorial columns of *The New York Sun*: "The new rules for billiards printed in yesterday's *Sun* have not been promulgated any too soon to save one of the prettiest and liveliest of games from degenerating into one of the dullest. The big runs that have become so common of late years make a show in the newspaper reports, and are pleasant enough, no doubt, for persons who have money staked on the man who is making the run; but for lookers-on those simple corner caroms which so many amateurs abominate, and which they term "piddling shots."

THE QUESTION OF A NEW GAME.

Slosson is improving at the Champion's Game, and Sexton has discovered, as we foresaw long ago, that it has not got to be one of cushion-nursing. On the 6th inst. Slosson ran 105, and averaged 13, against Dudley Kavanagh. This tends to bear out our statement that it is quite possible for Slosson, though he will probably never reach 500 at it, to run from fifty to one hundred in a match game. Now that the players are beginning to see, as we have seen all along, that the ball's can be adroitly shifted or thrown from long rail to short, and at a greater risk from short to long, it is a pity that they cannot also see that the rule as to counting in ones, twos and threes was designed to lessen rail work by coaxing the player away from nursing except when the balls came his way. That rule was devised to work in conjunction with the Quiglis Rule, of themselves merely a challenge to the player to outwit them, which he will surely do in time, unless he is encouraged to play openly. Our object was to make it possible for two men to play two quite distinct styles of billiards, each having a fair chance to win, although at the ordinary three-ball carom game one might be able to "discount" the other because of the knack or trick of rail-nursing. The logical result of this would be that in three years' time this country would have six first-class players for every one that it has now. Perhaps the aim of a rule that has been so widely misunderstood can be better explained by a proposition: Let us say that Bessenger and Schaefer play 1,000 points up, with no limit to railnursing, but that each counts four points for every carom of two or more cushions, and but one point for all other caroms. Schaefer, of course, aims to nurse, and he runs 500 by nursing; yet Bessunger, ignoring rail-nursing and never running 224, would win that game. Let them play again, and Schaefer, having found it unprofitable to aim mainly at nursing, would probably beat Bessenger without making a higher run than 300. Our idea is not, as so many have supposed, to make it appear that a three-cushion shot is more difficult than one out of every forty single-cushion shots. The premium is placed on certain cushion-shots merely in order to *discount the value of the direct caroms and the simple single-cushion caroms* that make up the whole of rail-nursing. It is true that once in a while there might be a doubt as to whether the player took one cushion or two; but the referee is as liable to decide in the striker's favor as against him, and at all events the point would not be likely to be raised against a player more than half-a-dozen times in a match-game. Even if it were always decided against him, he could lose but six points; for it is to be remembered that, whether it is decided that the shot counted two or but one, he does not *lose his hand*, and that is the main thing as to which he should be solicitous. His right to play on is unimpaired. Now, the only time there can be a dispute is when the striker sends his own ball dead into the corner or when the second object-ball lies near a cushion; and there can be no dispute even then if the cue-ball has taken two cushions before approaching that near which the second object-ball lies. There will be the same chance for a dispute that there is at a game of cushion-caroms, with the disadvantage in the latter game that the player will *lose his hand* if the dispute is decided against him.

There is but little worth attaining to or acquiring that can be reached without overcoming the obstacle of seeming; and if the players who object to counting in ones, twos and threes on the thoroughfares—raised before the game has been given a trial—that it is "complicated," will waive their prejudices so far as to count even in ones and twos (ones and threes might be better for the object in view), we will go even further towards a compromise, and agree to give them a game in which the American rail-nurser will be at no more of a disadvantage than Vignaux or any other French expert. Indeed, as French experts are very few in this country, and likely ever to be, we will pledge ourselves to furnish a game in which French players will have a good deal the worst of it. What we desire most is that, as in the past, there may be twenty match-games a year all over the country, instead of, as of late years, but two or three. We desire that there shall be thirty first-class players in fact, instead of but six in name. Thanks to rail-nursing, there are now but three in fact, as no player but Slosson, Schaefer or Sexton can find backers to play Slosson, Schaefer or Sexton at the present game. It is the opportunity to play matches, rather than a genius for the game, that makes great billiard-players, and at present there is no chance for the young players to poke even their noses in.

BREVITIES.

"Yank" Adams, who was one of the chief attractions at the Brooklyn Rink last week, closed there on the night of March 6. His contract was that he should be paid daily twenty-four hours in advance. John Bessenger and his sister also appeared in conjunction with Adams, and quit when he did. In a card in another column the great finger-billiardist, who opens to-night at the Tivoli, calls attention to the new ebony billiard-table manufactured for him by H. W. Collender. Our statement last week that Schaefer in all probability would not play in either of the forthcoming tournaments is confirmed by a gentleman who called at our office on Saturday last, and who is well qualified to speak as to Schaefer's probable movements.....Lambert the pool-player is now employed at the O'Connors' Union-square Room, this city.....Rudolphe visited the Rink, Brooklyn, on the night of March 7, and gave an exhibition of his fancy shots. Moreover, he charged nothing for his services.....Mattie Hewins is once more upon his feet, and is again becoming the picture of health.....H. W. Collender left this city on the night of the 8th inst. for Cleveland, O., and other points West.....Among the rumors afloat is one to the effect that the Brunswick & Balke Co. have in reality decided to get up another tournament, and that to stop rail-nursing they will adopt the dead-line game proposed by THE CLIPPER four years ago, which two players here in town have been practicing for the past few days. On the other hand, a representative of that firm assures us that it has no intention of getting up this tournament or any other.....The tournament at Siegel's Hall, Morrisania, begun Feb. 17, ended on March 6, with the following games won and lost: W. Woods, 7 to 0; Ditchett, 6 to 1; Siegel, 5 to 2; Murray, 4 to 3; Marvin, 3 to 4; J. Woods, 2 to 5; Crawford, 1 to 6; Niebuhr, 0 to 7. Woods, who won the first prize—a gold badge—was at once challenged by R. Siegel, and the game is to be played within thirty days. The second prize, a fancy cue presented by Brunswick & Balke, was won by S. Ditchett.....A pool tournament, with Knight, Lambert and others involved, is to be instituted at the O'Connors' room, this city..... Henry Rhines of Chicago, who has again been down with that troublesome rheumatism, is once more about..... Melvin Foster on the 6th inst. endeavored to wrestle with Dudley Kavanagh at the Champion's Game, 100 points up. Kavanagh, after 9 m., although Foster started off with a run of 30.....Victor Estephe and James Palmer, who have been giving exhibitions at billiards, are about to try their hands at pool together..... The three-ball tournament at Sexton's room is to-night (March 10) or to-morrow night. There are fourteen entries, but there may be no more than ten starters. There are three prizes, and the affair is to be a hundred up. Milwaukee, on the 6th inst., Schaefer and Gallagher gave an exhibition. The former was to play 800 to the latter's 800. Gallagher, whose average was 12½, won by 51. His best run was 174, scored in the seventeenth inning, while Schaefer's was 306, made in the thirty-seventh. On the next day the players left for Chicago.....At the Sturtevant House, on the 7th inst., Slosson, Daly and Foster gave an exhibition, well attended. Sexton, who had promised to attend, forgot all about it. This is the first time, within his recollection, that he has failed to be on hand as agreed upon.....Some of the roomkeepers in this city are about to reduce the price to twenty cents a game, giving the customer the option of playing at sixty cents an hour..... John D. O'Connor of Chicago was in Cleveland, O., on the 9th inst.....The pool tournament in Newark, N. J., resulted in a tie among Saltmas of Jersey City, Davis of Rahway and Letts of Trenton, and they shared the money, $175, equally. The fourth prize, $10, was won by Quinn of Newark. Saltman, Davis and Letts are to play off for the emblem that accompanied the first-money. Sexton has not yet begun practice for the tournaments, but will probably begin this week. Except that he has lost his "nurse," he is in very fair condition, having shaken off his cold..... Jacob Schaefer, Jr., left on March 12, Maurice Vignaux was about to open a new room in Paris, and had then no idea of coming to America. It is not so certain that he will come. He is no playing the billiards that some people think. A gentleman just returned saw him play for nearly a week, and his best run in that time was 105.....A few weeks ago we stated that the Young Men's Visiting Association of the Church, this city, had replaced their tables, damaged by fire, by toree of Brunswick & Balke's. We have since been informed that we were in error, and that the table's are H. W. Collender's. Our original informant was a member of the Young Church Association, who are friendly rivals of the other society, and have Collender's tables. We confess that church billiards is a little out of our line, and hence we are liable to err in a matter of this kind.....Edward Kendrick, ex-champion of Massachusetts, called at THE CLIPPER office last week. It is his intention to go to Europe shortly..... John Coleman, for seventeen years at the Union-square Rooms, chiefly in charge of the pool-table, is now at Peter Marron's; as also is John Swanton, formerly of the Metropolitan Hotel.....H. W. Collender on Saturday purchased a pure-breed Newfoundlander, which he has named "Yank" Adams. Lest this should lead to confusion, Adams himself has wisely resolved to furnish a collar for that dog. It will not be a Picadilly.....Peter Marron's room, and also Jim Flynn's, on March 10 adopted the twenty-cent rate.

SCHAEFER VS. GALLAGHER.—These experts gave an exhibition at Wallace & Choate's room, corner of Race and Longworth streets, Cincinnati, on March 4. The game was 800 points up, and it was deemed important enough to require the services of a referee, which official was the junior proprietor, Henry Choate, ex-champion of Ohio. Schaefer won by 74 points, his average being 10.20-48, and Gallagher 8.42-48. The best runs were the last made by each—57 by Schaefer, and 50 by Gallagher.

THE CHAMPION POOL—PLAYER CHALLENGED.

The medal that Wahlstrom, the Swede wrested from Cyrille Dion, when the now deceased player was suffering from the illness that so soon proved fatal, is bid for by Sam Knight, who has an idea that he can make about as stubborn a fight for its possession as anybody:

NEW YORK, March 8, 1879.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I hereby challenge Mr. G. R. Wahlstrom to play me a match-game of fifteen-ball pool for the championship and two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) a side, to be played according to the rules governing such contests. I have this day deposited with H. W. Collender, official stakeholder, one hundred dollars ($100) as forfeit for said match. Respectfully,

SAMUEL F. KNIGHT.

FIELDING BEATS TIMBRELL FOR $2,000.—These English experts played the English game, 1,000 points up, at Timbrell's room, Liverpool, on Feb. 20. The favorite was Fielding at the rate of six to four, and he won by 342. His best run was 35, while that of Timbrell was 28.

THE TURF.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

At the March term of the Criminal Court at Norristown, Pa., Judge Ross delivered an opinion which is of interest to turfmen and agricultural societies. The facts of the case are these: Warren Hillegass of that county entered a horse for the races at the Ambler Park Fair in the Fall of 1875, and gave his check for $ 30 for entrance money. Owing to the sickness of the horse, he did not appear in the races. Mr Hillegass refused to cash the check. Suit was brought for the recovery of the amount, and the matter finally came before Judge Ross. The following extracts of the opinion are of general interest:

"Horse-racing, under Section 1 of the act of Assembly of 1836, is declared a nuisance. All wagers and bets depending upon such trials of speed—'so called,' horse-racing in reality—and all executory contracts in relation thereto, are void under Section 3 of that act, and the horses entered in such races are forfeited. A purse trotted for is gambling under the laws of Pennsylvania. The winner cannot recover the premium, purse, stakes or prize unless the company chooses to pay him. The horse of each contestant is forfeited, and the whole arrangement is a palpable evasion of the law. But there can be no evasions of the law against gambling, as it has been well ruled in Wagonseller vs. Smith, 7 Watts, 343. It would be well, I think, and I allude to it only by way of warning to agricultural societies in Pennsylvania, to read and reflect upon the provisions of the sixth section of the act of 1836. It provides that 'if any person or persons within this State shall print or cause to be printed, set up or cause to be set up, any advertisement mentioning the time and place for the running, pacing or trotting of any horses, mares or geldings, or shall knowingly suffer any advertisement as aforesaid to be set up in or upon his, her or their dwelling house, or authorize or shall knowingly suffer the same to remain up as aforesaid, any person so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of $20.' This section and the first of the same act are especially worthy the attention of the managers of these societies. The first section declares that 'all running, pacing or trotting of horses, mares or geldings for money, goods or chattels, or other valuable things, shall be and are hereby declared to be common nuisances and offences against this State; and the authors, parties, contrivers and abettors thereof shall be prosecuted and proceeded against by indictment. All constables are bound to return common nuisances, under oath, at the next session, and these statutes are in full force and vitality. I have cited them as a warning, and a word to the wise is sufficient." Judgment was entered in favor of the defendant.

D. SWIGERT of Kentucky has recently sold Milan, King Rene, and Petrel. The first-named was purchased by a Southern party, and the others by Chas. Littlefield, M. H. McLaughlin and Dr. Bonnie Blackford, of Oakland. Carlo Varielia, came near killing herself while taking her work on the Nashville course, March 5, by running into the fence. Mattingly's string, consisting of Belle of Nelson, Long Girl, Jane Wickliffe, and four others, arrived at Nashville March 5.

THE SANDOWN GRAND PRIZE, being the principal race of the Spring Meeting of the Sandown Park Club, was run for in England March 5, and was won by Mr. Jennings' bay colt Lord Lyon, Lord Rosebery's First Spring, 5 years, being second, and T. J. Clifford's sir Hugh, aged, third.

CIRCUSES.

Continued from page 407.

JAMES COOKE, clown, and president of the Equestrian Benevolent Association, has been engaged by P. T. Barnum & Co. as equestrian director for the coming season.

THE PEOPLE ENGAGED for the Forepaugh Show are directed to be in Louisville, Ky., April 2. The show opens on that date. See Adam Forepaugh's card.

CARDELLO AND VICTORELLI, horizontal-bar performers, leapers and tumblers, have just returned from South America, where they have fulfilled an eight months' engagement with Chiarini's Circus. They can be engaged by applying as per card.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Toledo, O., can be leased by applying to J. S. Norton, who advertises the seating capacity as 900, and that the house is nearly new and situated in the business part of the city. It can be secured by the night or longer.

"ELI PERKINS" is to lecture in Dixon, Ill., March 10, La Porte, Ind., 11, Clinton, Mich., 12, Ashtabula, O., 13, Fort Plain, N. Y., 14, Johnstown, 15, Madison 17.

A SET OF SECOND-HAND MAGICAL APPARATUS and marionettes are advertised for sale by Geo. Ogleeby.

MACALLISTER, magician, opens in Mount Vernon, O., March 17, for one week. The company comprises Prof. J. Macallister, Miss Adele Leonard, Harry A. Lee and Al. J. Riel. J. V. Strebig is the manager, and R. C. Campbell general agent.

CONOVER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Piqua, O., was sold March 1 at administrator's sale for $10,667, subject to dower. It was erected about five years ago at a cost of some $40,000, and was purchased by the widow of A. G. Conover.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS read in South Bend, Ind., March 3, La Porte 4, Elgin, Ill., 5, Dubuque, Ia., 6, Waterloo 7, Cedar Rapids 8, Davenport 10.

HATHAWAY & POND'S Mezgadrelion of the Metropolis of New York was exhibited in Cedar Rapids, Ia., March 3, 4, 5, Belle Plaine 6, 7, Tama City 8, and is billed in Toledo 10, 11, Marshalltown 12, 13, 14, 15, Eldora 17, 18, 19, Ackley 20, Mason City 21, 22, Charles City 24, 25, Osage 26, 27, Waverly 28, 29, Cedar Rapids 31, April 1, Waterloo 2, 3, 4, 5.

D. F. SULLIVAN advertises that he will invest capital in theatrical or show enterprise, he occupying the position of treasurer.

A HUMAN CALF.—A farmer near Cadiz, O., has a calf which is shaped like a human being from the waist upward. Our correspondent states that he has "seen it, and will vouch for the truth of the above. It is a great curiosity."

HARRY JEROME'S MARIONETTES, with stage, scenery, etc., are offered for sale. See advertisement.

J. M. BURKE, advance-agent or business-manager, late of the Rollin Howard Combination, is at liberty. He can be addressed as per card.

THE LONDON GHOST SHOW, with a new plan for lights, is advertised for sale.

PROF. S. D. AND CLARA BALDWIN are now in Australia giving their spiritual exposures. They report business as excellent. They expect to be in America by next December, and can be addressed for the present as per card elsewhere.

PARTIES who understand the working of marionette figures, a lady pianist and vocalist, and a gentleman violinist are wanted by John W. Logan, who advertises. Mr. Logan also wants to engage a saloon light man.

EVANS & CO. have a circus tent for sale. See card.

J. BRUCE'S show paintings are advertised, with prices, in another column.

AN AERIAL SUSPENSION APPARATUS and Judd's pillory are offered for sale by E. O. Rogers at advertised prices.

SEVERAL TICKETS and an organ are on sale at J. W. Couch's address. See card.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA AND COMEDY COMPANY played in Hornellsville, N. Y., March 8, and are to remain 10; thence to Wellsville 11, Friendship 12, Bradford, Pa., 13, 14, 15, Olean, N. Y., 17; thence through oil country, over Sam T. Jack's circuit.

A NUMBER OF LADIES are wanted for a tour through Central America. See Harry Linson's card.

MAJOR TOT the midget is exhibiting through the West to good business. Manager V. F. Porter publishes a card of interest to other exhibitors of condensed humanity.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES of the Pennsylvania Legislature, March 3, the bill to regulate places of public amusement in cities of the first class passed its first reading. March 7 Mr. McKee sought to have the same bill referred back to the Committee on Municipal Corporations; but Mr. Crawford objected, and Mr. McKee was overruled. This is the bill which vests solely in the Mayor the power to grant or refuse licenses to places of public amusement.

CHARLES LAUGHLIN, who represented himself as a theatrical advertising agent, was arrested March 5 in Philadelphia for pawning an ulster which he had borrowed. He stated that he was intoxicated at the time, and offered to redeem the garment, but Magistrate Pole committed him.

"LONDON BY NIGHT," the well-known painting covering 20,000 feet of canvas, mounted on sixteen frames, which is said to have cost originally $70,000, was sold at auction in Philadelphia March 6 for $55 to a Mr. Kirk.

MISS HELEN POTTER gave readings and impersonations, under the auspices of the New England Society, in Shafteebury Hall, Toronto, Ont., March 6, before a large audience.

MRS. E. BUNGE, No. 210 Madison street, Philadelphia, advertises that she is prepared to board professionals on moderate terms.

WOOD & CO. advertise a sheep, a curiosity, for sale or to hire; also tents, pictures, etc.

A PANORAMA is wanted by E. J. Norton, who advertises.

PAUL BOYTON, swimmer, lectured in Marietta, O., March 3, Parkersburg, W. Va., 4, Pomeroy, O., 5, Gallipolis, 6, Huntington, W. Va., 7, Ironton 8.

JAS. F. CROSSEN'S DEPOT for plays, wigs, colored fires, cork, etc., is advertised in another column.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted by A. Burgh, who advertises.

IN PHILADELPHIA Mr. and Mrs Thomas Thumb, Amy Reed and Major Mite well received a large number of visitors at Concert Hall during the week ending March 8.....Miss Dods attracts large audiences to her lectures on cooking, which are given at Association Hall and at the hall of the Franklin Institute.....Afternoon and evening of March 11 two complimentary concerts will be given to Mr. Benjamin Fassler, a young musician about twenty-one years old, who for several seasons past has been first-violin of the Chestnut-street Theatre orchestra. He has shown great talent, and, having resolved to become a solo-player, will sail for Germany shortly, to complete his study of the violin at the Conservatory of Leipsic. The concerts are for the purpose of defraying the expenses abroad.....Miss Anna Dickinson delivered the second lecture in T. B. Pugh's present Star Course (opened by Henry Ward Beecher March 10 with his new lecture on "New Men of the New Nation") March 6, at the Academy of Music. Subject: "Platform and Stage." The house was crowded, and the lecturer was received with mingled applause and hisses.

.....At St. George's Hall March 4 the sons of St. George gave their last concert of the present season. The first part of the evening was devoted to a miscellaneous and Old Folks concert, and then the floor was cleared for dancing, which was kept up till a late hour.....Robert Emmett's 101st birthday was celebrated at the Grand Central Hall March 4 by the Irish national clubs. There were music, a recitation of Emmett's speech at his trial by Rufus Adams the elocutionist, and an oration by Lawyer John F. O'Byrne.....Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah" will be given by the Kensington Harmonic Society, with professional assistance, at Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church, March 11.....Evening of March 6 the twelfth annual reunion of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Yale College was held at the rooms of the Penn Club.....After appearing at the Academy of Music March 10, the route of the Oil Boll Concert Combination will be Wilmington March 11, Baltimore 12, Harrisburg 13, Lancaster 14, Reading 15. In all of these places they will be under the management of T. B. Pugh of Philadelphia.....Roller-skating still has many votaries at the Rink the Permanent Exhibition and Horticultural Hall.....The Academy of Fine Arts, the Academy of Natural Sciences and the Zoological Garden remain open as usual.....Performances are given at the numerous German theatres on North Third street every night, including Sunday.

IN CHICAGO, Ill., at Farwell Hall, Mrs. Scott-Siddons gives dramatic recitals March 14 and matinee 15.

SIG. BOSCO the wizard performs in Ashland, Ill., March 12, 13, 14, Petersburg 15, 16, 17.

PROF. HYSKETT gave a spiritual seance in Detroit, Mich., March 5.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS, on the eve of her departure from Indianapolis, Ind., gave a reception March 7 in the parlors of the Bates House to a party of friends and invited guests.....At Reform Association Hall 6, 7, 8, A. M. Scott of Boston exhibited a series of paintings illustrative of the career of the drunkard. Mme. Uemmille gave vocal and instrumental selections. Attendance good.

OWING TO THE URGENT REQUEST of many prominent citizens of Boston, Mass., the removal of the painting of "The Siege of Paris" has been postponed, and it will be continued on exhibition as heretofore to Feb. 22, when the lecture room now connected with the picture has been enlarged, and will accommodate an audience of one thousand persons .....Old Abe and the collection of curiosities were shown at the Old Church of the Strangers this week. The war-eagle has left for his Wisconsin home.....The art annex of the Mechanics' Fair Building has been torn down, and will be transformed to Boston Highlands, where it is proposed to use it for concerts and other exhibitions.....An entertainment is all of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union was given in the parlors of the New England Women's Club's .....Miss Harris White constituted several songs in place of Miss Chapman, who was prevented from appearing by illness, and Miss Ellen Wright and Mrs. Florence Estelle Burgess gave impersonations of characters.....Professor E. H. Johnson gave a reading, Lewis Rosenberg's First Spring, 5 years, being second, and T. J. Clifford's Sir Hugh, aged, third.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATRE,
Broadway and Twenty-second street.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
FOURTH WEEK. FOURTH WEEK.
EVERY EVENING AT 8,
AND SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2,
W. S. GILBERT'S ORIGINAL BURLESQUE COMEDY

ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.
ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.
ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.
ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.
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ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.	ENGAGED.

CHARACTERS BY THE REGULAR COMEDY COMPANY.
Matinee Prices—Admission, 10cts; reserved seats, 50cts. extra.
BOX-SHEET OPEN TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE. 51-1t

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
GREAT SUCCESS OF
TONY PASTOR'S BURLESQUE CANAL-BOAT PINAFORE.
Acknowledged by all "better than the original."
GUS WILLIAMS as RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH LAGER. PAT ROONEY. PAT ROONEY, PAT ROONEY.
TONY PASTOR'S
SPLENDID VAUDEVILLE TROUPE.
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA COMPANY.
A double operatic company. A Chorus of 40 voices. 12 Clog dancers. The Palmetto Quartette. The Gilbert Sextet. 100 Performers in the Burlesque and Olio.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
Houses always crowded. [51-1t] PEOPLE TURNED AWAY

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
THE HOME OF ORIGINALITY.
Night of room every night at 8 o'clock,
and those who come late are sure to sup.
NINTH WEEK
of Edward Harrigan's great comic play
THE MULLIGAN GUARD BALL.
THE MULLIGAN-GUARD BALL.
DAN MULLIGAN.....MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN
TOMMY MULLIGAN.....MR. TONY HART
Other characters by the company.
REYNOLDS AND WALLING, THE SNOW BROTHERS, WILEY HAMILTON, LOUISE MONTAGUE, JAMES MESSENGER, PROF. A. W. SAWYER, and
BILLY GRAY, JOHN SHAY, AND ENTIRE STOCK.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
G. W. H. GRIFFIN.....[51-1t].....Manager

BROADWAY THEATRE,
EDGAR & FULTON.....Lessees and Managers
FIRST VOYAGE OF
H. M. S. PINAFORE
WITH NEW RIGGING AND A FRESH CREW.
She will be
OPEN FOR INSPECTION EVERY EVENING.
RECEPTION DAYS WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Cards of admission, $1, 75c. and 50c. 51-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
FERDINAND W. HOFELD.....Manager
The great American Character Actor
MR. F. S. CHANFRAU IN
KIT,
THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.
Will be presented with
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.
MATINEES
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 51-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50cts
JOHN T. RAYMOND. ONE NIGHT ONLY.
JOHN T. RAYMOND, ONE WEEK ONLY,
in the powerful home comedy MY SON.
in the powerful home comedy MY SON.
NEW AND ELEGANT SCENERY and APPOINTMENTS.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
MONDAY NEXT, A CELEBRATED CASE. 51-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
DIRECTOR.....MR. HENRY E. DIXEY
TO-MORROW (MONDAY) EVENING, March 10,
THRO' THE DARK,
THRO' THE DARK,
THRO' THE DARK,
THRO' THE DARK,
by STEELE MACKAYE,
with a Great Cast and Magnificent Scenery.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.
Sale of seats two weeks in advance. 51-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
The regular Minstrel Entertainment and the Burlesque
HIS-MUD-SCOW PINAFORE.
HIS-MUD-SCOW PINAFORE.
with the original music and new scenery,
by the SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
their sisters, their cousins (whom they reckon up by dozens and their aunts. Matinee Saturday at 2.
Seats secured. 51-1t*

AMERICAN THEATRE, 443 and 445 Third ave., N. Y. Managing Director, Mr. R. E. DAY.
MONDAY, MARCH 10, THE FOUR ACES and the largest Specialty Troupe in the city. Artists requiring dates will apply as above to Mr. R. E. Day.
NOTICE—All artists engaged at this theatre for March 17 are hereby notified that rehearsal will take place Sunday, March 16, at six o'clock in the evening, as we give matinee Monday, March 17. HARRY LINDLEY,
51-1t* Stage-manager.

NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE.
EDWARD P. STARIN.....Proprietor and Manager
ELECTRIC SUCCESSES.
KIRALFY BROS.' Grand Spectacular Production of THE BLACK CROOK.
DE ROSA. PAGLIERI.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P. M.
Gorgeous Scenery. Cataract of Real Water. Kiralfy's celebrated BALLET OF ALL NATIONS. ENTIRELY NEW AND NOVEL COSTUMES. 51-1t

VOLKS' GARDEN
VARIETY THEATRE,
199 BOWERY, OPP. SPRING. 201
The London Music Hall of America.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Proprietress
WM. T. GIESELBERG.....Manager
CAPT. GEO. T. SHAW.....Stage-manager
First-class talent wanted at all times. Those having engagements must send in their business one week in advance, or they will be erased from the books.
All communications answered. Address
51-1t MR. and MRS. PAUL FALK.

NOTICE TO BAND-LEADERS.—A good Clarionet and Alto player desires engagement. Watering-place preferred. Address C. B., Clarionettist., Burlington, Vt. [51-1t*

D. A. BENNETT, Second-violin and Alto or Tenor. Responsible managers of circus or hall-show, address Clayton, Mich.

CHAS. H. CAVERT IS AT LIBERTY to engage for heavy or juvenile business with responsible managers only. Address Chas. L. Howard, 27 Bond st., New York, or Chas. H. Cavert, 158 Hudson av., Albany, N. Y. 1t*

FRENCH'S FIFTH AVENUE
H. M. S.
PINAFORE
COMPANY.
March 7, Yonkers, N. Y.; March 8, Newburg, N. Y.; March 10, Kingston, N. Y.; March 11, Cohoes, N. Y.; March 12, Schenectady, N. Y.; March 13, Saratoga, N. Y.; March 14, Syracuse, N. Y.; March 15, Syracuse, N. Y.
Address as above. JOHN B. FRENCH,
51-1t* Manager.

NATIONAL VARIETIES, N. Y.
Wm. Robison, Business manager; Frank A. McClane, Stage-manager. Open all the year round. Write and get a date. 51-1t*

FEMALE TALENT WANTED immediately in every branch of the business. Singers, Dancers, Song-and-dance A. tists, etc., with good specialties, can secure long engagements. Address (or call) Harry Hill's Theatre, cor. Houston and Crosby sts., N. Y.

SIGNOR BOSCO THE WIZARD performs in Ashland, Ill., March 12, 13 and 14, Petersburg 15, 17 and 18. 51-1t*

H. M. S. PINAFORE,
COMPLETE OPERA, $1;
LIBRETTO, 10 CENTS;
THE SIX BEST SONGS
(Complete).
25 CENTS.
Waltz for Violin and Piano, 50 cents; for Cornet and Piano, 50 cents. Complete parts furnished for large or small orchestra. WM. A. POND & CO.,
51-1t 25 Union-square, N. Y.

WANTED,
BAND-LEADERS, ATTENTION!
A GOOD E-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER TO TEACH AND LEAD A WELL-ADVANCED BAND;
one who has a trade or would like to engage in business. Young man preferred.
Address CHARLES C. YUND,
51-2t* Thirteenth Brigade Band, Amsterdam, N. Y.

NEW VARIETY ACTS AND SKETCHES. Just published. Book mailed to any address, 30 cents; single sketches, 15 cents. Send for catalogue. SAUL BERTREW, 26 Clinton place, N. Y. 51-1t*

SONGS, DRAMAS, Burlesques, Lectures, etc., written to order.
51-1t* H. M. WATTS,
116 Hester street, New York.

MONZERT SISTERS,
FANSIE AND GUSSIE—
SONG-AND-DANCE, CHARACTER-DANCERS AND BLACK-WIRE PERFORMERS.
Address LEN MONZERT,
51-1t* 315 Forsyth street, N. Y.

DUTCH, Irish and Ethiopian Songs, Sketches, etc., words and music. "Pinafore" burlesques to order, Ned Straight, 373 Elizabeth, bet. Bleecker and Houston.

WINNETT'S VARIETY AGENCY, 294 BOWERY, New York City. Managers supplied with first-class artists. 51-1t*

CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST of Plays, Wigs, Beards, Colored Fires, Cork, etc., mailed free. JAS. F. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, N. Y. 51-13t*

WANTED—LIVING CURIOSITIES OF ALL KINDS, with or without paintings. Address A. BURGH, Museum, 153 Bowery, New York. 51-1t*

TO MANAGERS.
THE
MOTHER GOOSE COMBINATION
OPENS AT WALDMAN'S NEW THEATRE, Newark, N. J., May 5 in the land C. K and G. L. Fox's pan-comique of "MOTHER GOOSE." The boards of St. George's Hall have been occupied by a troupe of lady minstrels, called the Blondettes. Some of the company sing fairly, and the corner ladies, if not gifted with humor, are full of vivacity. Lily Allison, one of the company, is a very capable burlesque actress.....D'Arcy Beach's ghost has been walking at the Athenæum Hall, where the holiday entertainment has consisted of the burlesque of 'Beauty and the Beast' and 'The Haunted House.'.....On the Monday Popular Promenade Concerts the pianoforte performance of Madame Carlotta Tasca has evoked unqualified approval. David Lee's weekly organ recitals in the Town Hall continue to be patronized by large audiences.....The past has been a dull month in Melbourne, the principal event being the closing of the Monday Popular Concerts for the hot season. A final concert was given to the promoters, Madame Carlotta Tasca, J. F. R. A. Winning principal vocalists, and Miss Beasie Pitts. The inauguration of the second season will take place in the Autumn.....A section of W. S. Lyster's new opera company is already arrived, and the remainder will follow in a few days. The season will open with the commencement of March.....The Cagli Italian-opera Company are also expected shortly from Calcutta.....The Baldwins, spiritual exposers, are doing a large business in the smaller towns. After leaving Melbourne they played in Ballarat and Geelong one week each. They will not visit Adelaide until the heated term is over. They show is a novelty, and is heavily billed, the printing, which includes many new cuts from Chicago, Ill., being the finest seen here. Tom Kennedy, formerly agent of C. B. Hicks' Georgia Minstrels, is now their manager; and Archie MacKenzie, formerly agent for Delehanty & Hengler, also for Sol Smith Russell, is the advance-agent. John E. Fulton is no longer with the show, and remains in Melbourne.

"Respectfully yours, CALIBOY."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

THE CHATTERTON FAILURE.—A meeting of the general committee of the Chatterton Benefit Fund took place Feb. 20 at Covent-garden Theatre, London Lawrence W. Lemaxy presided. It was announced that a day performance for the benefit of Mr. Chatterton would be given at Covent-garden March 3. Subscriptions amounting to over £400 were then announced. The secretary reported that the programme would probably include the following items: A performance by the Moore & Burgess Minstrels; the first act of Mr. Grundy's comedy "Snowball;" a scene from "As You Like It;" the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet;" the medley duet from "La Poule Aux Œufs d'Or;" an act of Charles Reade's drama "It's Never Too Late to Mend;" performances by the Girards; the farce "A Regular Fix," in which Mr. Sothern will appear for the last time prior to his departure for America. On the motion of Mr. Levy, seconded by Charles Dillon, it was resolved that the money arising from the affair should be invested for the benefit of Mr. Chatterton..... Some 600 persons having been suddenly thrown out of employment by the closing of Drury-lane Theatre, James Myers, the equestrian proprietor, has kindly offered to give a morning and evening performance at the Agricultural Hall for their benefit. Consequently a meeting of the representatives of the late employes of Mr. Chatterton and the Executive Committee of the fund for the benefit of the last-named gentleman was held Feb. 20, at which it was decided to co-operate, with the view of carrying out Mr. Myers' offer to a successful issue. A full and fancy dress ball was to have taken place Feb. 26 on behalf of the company at the Freemasons' Hall.

M. CLES of "The Petite Republique Francais" has just published a new translation of Sheridan's comedy "The School for Scandal," which is used as a text-book in the Lycee, and has also been brought into notice in France of late by frequent recitations in public.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, Dublin, Walter Fearis, lessee, was closed Feb. 13, "in consequence of misunderstandings with the owner, Mr. Josepha," which were likely to lead to litigation.

ADVICES received by mail inform us that John Clarke, the English comedian, died Feb. 20, instead of 21, as we inferred from the cablegram announcing his demise, and that he made his debut in the provinces, first appearing before a London audience in January, 1825, at the Strand theatre, playing Master Tobin in "Civilization."

"ZACK THE HERMIT," a new sketch by Maskelyne and Cooke, was presented at Egyptian Hall, London, Feb. 17. Zack is a mysterious character, who is said to read children and make a handsome profit by their ransom, the intelligence of their whereabouts being conveyed to their parents and guardians by Zack. The child of a certain Squire Oaklands is stolen, and the Squire consults the tavern to consult the "wise man," is astonished very much by what he sees there, for the wizard exerts his powers as a magician, and has also a parrot of extraordinary powers, whose comments upon all that is taking place furnish no little amusement to the audience. Zach, in response to the Squire's inquiries, takes a magic tambourine, which dances up and down upon a wooden stool, giving a rattle in reply to

WHAT SHALL I BRING MY LITTLE WIFE?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"It's ye, leave be, my little wife,
My darling, ye, leave be!
My dery lies at yonder pier,
And my good ship rides below;
And when the boys will come and the days will go,
Each with its joy or pain,
And many a weary one must pass
Ere I see my love again.

"What shall I bring my little wife
When I come ly-lad-lyre?
What shall I bring from o'er the sea
When sailing home come I?
Diamonds and pearls to deck her brow,
As white as white can be?
Laces and silks or Chinas rare—
What shall I bring to thee?"

Deep was the sigh of the little wife
Welling up from her hopes and fears,
But a sweet and loving smile shone forth
Like sunshine through her tears.

"Ah! I do not care for gems," she said,
"Nor laces, nor silks, nor dies;
I only ask that you bring me—
Bring me your own dear self."

J. H. B.

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

They could not believe their ears when the servant entered the room and announced Mr. Burgess, and a mist came over Lucy's eyes, and a faint, sick feeling into her heart, as she saw the man she loved standing there, pale and wan, but alive and safe once more. Before she had recovered her wits he had sprung forward and clasped her in his arms, covering her pretty face with kisses, forgetful of aught save that he was near her again. No need for any further speaking now. This bitterness of death which had come between them had broken the bonds of silence, and Lucy, as she wept out her hysterical joy in Willie's arms, knew that she was his chosen one till death should step in and part them. Mrs. Barwick said never a word. Her gentle heart ran over at her eyes, as it always did when she was any way moved, and she bided her time for recognition, glad to see the joy of the young folks in their reunion.

"I could not help it, ma'am," Willie said, somewhat ruefully, when at length he released Lucy and took her mother's hand in his. "I forgot everything but that I saw her again. I am going to ask you to give her to me, you know."

"I guessed as much," she replied, returning his hand-pressure right warmly. "And your heart spoke out before your tongue. If I give you my Lucy, Mr. Burgess, it will be giving away the dearest treasure of my life."

"You will keep your share, I think," he said, looking fondly at Lucy. "I don't think anything will make her forsake her mother."

"No," Lucy said simply, "not even if I had to give up the purest love that ever woman was blessed with. Don't cry, mamma. Mr. Burgess did not mean to take you unawares like this, only ——"

"Only I saw you and had to speak. Mrs. Barwick, ma'am, try and think of giving her to me as a thing in the possible future, will you? I have much to do and to tell you before I can take her hand in mine at Heaven's holy altar. I have to clear myself from the stigma of a crime."

"A crime! You!"

Lucy gasped out the words as though they stung her, and turned very white.

"A crime of which I swear to you, by the love I bear you, I am as innocent as you are. Ah, my darling, I did not mean to have spoken of this till I had solved the riddle and made all clear; but it must be told now. Maybe you will turn from me in horror when you have heard all."

"I do not think I shall," the girl said, with simple trust in her loving eyes; and sitting between these two gentle women, who both loved him—the one with the ardent devotion of a girl's first love, the other with the gentle motherliness of matronhood—Willie Banton told his story.

They had heard of the Ballarat murder, as it had come to be called, for it had created a sensation even in Australia, where murder was so rife; but it had not particularly interested them, save for the fact that Graham Goldburn's name was mixed up in the matter.

Lucy's cheek blanched, and her lip quivered as she listened to the details, and learned how her lover had been left to bear the consequences of the crime by whoever committed. She had wished to ask Graham Goldburn about it, but the untoward state of things during all the voyage of the Pelican prevented any conversation on indifferent subjects. Willie Banton concealed nothing, and he told his whole story from beginning to end, and then looked at Mrs. Barwick.

"Will you give her to me now?" he asked in a trembling tone, but without letting go of Lucy's hand.

"When you have proved your innocence I will," was the quiet answer. "My daughter's husband must not have the shadow of such a charge hanging over him."

"But you do not think me guilty, surely? You cannot think I would kill in cold blood the man who had helped and sheltered me when I needed help?"

"I do not, Lucy does not; but it must be known to everybody. You suspect your uncle, I see."

"I and others; but what motive could have led to such a crime on his part I cannot conceive. I have had a deeper and more horrible suspicion lately. I have thought sometimes ——"

"What?"

"That this man is not my uncle at all, that—but I must be going mad to think such wild thoughts. I saw that poor, battered corpse, and knew it for the man who had befriended me so long. Besides, others recognized it as well, and it had an indelible brand that I had seen a dozen times—the initials of a lady's name tatooed upon the arm. It's all like a wild, hideous nightmare, Mrs. Barwick, but I will prove my innocence somehow. I will be worthy of Lucy yet."

"Never more worthy than now," Lucy's gentle voice whispered; but they both felt that the mother was right, and that not even the shadow of a doubt ought to exist about the innocence of Graham Goldburn's nephew.

They took Mrs. Barwick's brother into their confidence, and told the story. His advice was short and to the purpose.

"Go home to America," he said. "Tell your parents everything, and meet your uncle face to face. Whatever there is of mystery must come out when you meet. He wouldn't avoid you if there was not something wrong."

"It will be a bitter thing to meet my mother before I can give her proof of my innocence," Willie said, the tears springing to his eyes. "I should like to have cleared myself first."

"She will help you. A mother is quick-witted where her children are concerned, and she may see a way out of this labyrinth. We will wait and hope at home, and take care of your Lucy for you till you come back."

Willie Banton had money enough to take him across the Atlantic, and he yielded to the advice of his friends and took passage to America. At the shipping-office where he made his inquiries he saw a paper with an account of a serious accident which had happened on board the steamer Roebuck, one of the famous White Fawn line of fast ships. A passenger had left his money with him on board, and many valuables in the shape of jewels, and the box containing the whole had been dropped into the sea in passing it into the boat which was to take him ashore, and had gone to the bottom.

He thought the story odd, but it was not until he had returned home, and read the same tale in another paper, that he found that the luckless passenger was his uncle, Graham Goldburn. He was half inclined to think it a penny-a-liner's romance; but it was true. An obstinate man in all his life, Mr. Goldburn could not be prevailed on to place his newly-acquired wealth in any bank, but carried it with him. At the Cape he had made large purchases of diamonds, and the whole of this valuable property he kept in a small iron-clamped box, which he always had within reach. Neither Mrs. Sebright nor Sally had the smallest idea what was in the small casket which they took for a desk or dressing-case. If they had, they would most probably have declined to let Mr. Goldburn the rooms, the good lady having a great dislike to responsibility of any sort. It was gone now, vanished in one moment into the dark waters, and Graham Goldburn was a poorer man than when he turned his back upon his native land as a young man, and went off to seek his fortune across the sea. He would let no one carry the box to the side but himself, but he was obliged to relinquish it for a moment while he went down into the boat. There was an awkward swell on, and he had much ado to stand, but he held out his hands for his precious box notwithstanding. In the transfer from one pair of hands to another the mishap was done. The Roebuck swung away a little, lifted by a rolling wave, which set the little boat dancing like a cockle-shell, and with a splash Graham Goldburn's wealth vanished into the dark sea. In vain he swore and raved and tore his hair. The mischief was done, and all the protestations of other people and his own wild words could not bring it back any more. Beyond a few shillings in his pockets, his watch and clothes, he was penniless, and his impressions were frightful to hear as he was rowed ashore. In vain he went to the authorities and demanded help and divers. He brought no proof that there was so much of value in the box, and it was a costly process to send men to the bottom of the sea on a chance like that.

All this the newspapers duly noted, and seemed rather inclined to the opinion that Mr. Graham Goldburn had got rid of his money some other way, and seized upon the accident of the lost box as a very good blind. But the papers were wrong for once. The fates that had so suddenly enriched the Australian squatter had as suddenly impoverished him, and the price of the copper-veined land at Nic-Nic Gap, and the saving of years as well, were astonishing the fishes at a depth beyond the reach of any ordinary diving-apparatus.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"To meet, to know, to love, and then to part
Is the sad tale of many a broken heart."

Back across the Atlantic, whither the unlucky Graham Goldburn had betaken himself, and where Willie Banton is preparing to follow him, we must take the novelist's privilege of flitting, and of taking our readers back to the time when Helen Pomfrey made her success as Parthenia, and Philip Craven lost his heart to her bewitching beauty.

As Mrs. Banton prophesied, the manager made her an offer of a far better position and larger salary. The former she declined. She did not wish her name blazoned about, she said, and did not care to be seen. If he could make her more useful in his own theatre, and could afford a little addition to her present salary, she should be quite satisfied. He wondered, and tried to persuade her, but she was firm.

"Don't think me ungrateful," she said, "or fancy that I do not appreciate your kindness. I have a motive, which I cannot explain, for not wishing to be known. Other women would be proud of success; I only wish to live."

He marked the pain in her voice and the wistful look in her eyes, and understood that there was something in the background that was not for him to know.

"As you please, my dear," he said. "I could have sent you away to other places, as you didn't like New York. I think you might be starred, even. There's my place in Philadelphia, now. You'd suit there, I'm sure."

But Helen shook her head; she was not fit for a star, she said. Her success was only a chance, and she was quite willing to retire into her obscurity again, and be seen no more.

"I shan't let you do that, for my own sake," he said, smiling. "The public will want to see you again, you may be sure. They won't stand so much of Miss Reardon as I've been giving them lately."

Helen found herself put forward into many parts after this, and with a sufficient increase of salary to make her very comfortable. Philip Craven began to be seen at the theatre night after night, and presently made no secret of his admiration for Helen Pomfrey. He renewed a slight acquaintance he had with the Bantons, and in a little while managed to penetrate beyond the shop, and to be a welcome guest in the little back-parlor, where very few besides the old connoisseur's family were permitted to penetrate. All this tended to but one thing—the offer of his hand and heart to the beautiful actress, who tried with all her might to believe that other attractions besides herself brought him there. She liked him, alas! only too well. It was pleasant to have him by her side, and to listen to his earnest voice and to see the light of his loving eyes shining only for her. At length he spoke out, one bright, moonlight evening, when Helen had done early, and he waylaid her on the road home.

She was generally very particular in refusing his escort; nor, indeed, did he often offer it. No, not a word of his should in any way compromise her, and he knew only too well in what light estimation girls were held who allowed their rich acquaintances to escort them to and from the theatre. The name of the woman he wanted for his wife must be unsmirched by any breath of scandal, any show of levity.

There was hope for him, he thought, in the pleased smile with which Helen greeted him when she came down to the stage-door, dressed for walking. There was a look of something very like love in her eyes, which made his heart leap for joy. He was not mistaken then. Helen did love him with all the passionate love of a heart that had ached for companionship for a long, weary time. She fought against the feeling, battled against it as woman must who love and know there is something to stand in the way of their happiness. Whatever Helen Pomfrey's past had been, it had held nothing half so sweet to her as this new life that had sprung into her soul with Philip Craven's not-to-be-hidden passion.

"Against the regulations," she said with a smile when he told her he had been waiting for her. "You promised me you would not, you know."

"Nor should I, but that I must speak to you," he said, as he drew her arm through his own and led her away from the door.

One or two girls, who had also done, were standing about, and looked with envy at the favored Helen. What would they not have given to have hung on Philip Craven's arm, and to have had the prospects that they deemed he must offer. To think that he should pick her, a stranger, when he might have taken his choice out of all the beauty and wealth of New York. Miss Pomfrey must surely be in the seventh heaven of pride and delight at being thus honored. But Helen's delight was of a very sober kind, to judge from the troubled look in her speaking eyes and the quiver of her full, red lips, as she answered his eager words.

"Must, Mr. Craven?"

"Yes, must. I have kept silence till I can bear suspense no longer, and want to know my fate, Helen, I love you!"

They had turned out of the gleam and glitter of the street into a quiet square, where the moon looked down upon the trees and flowers, and where the stately houses round were silent, with closed doors and curtained windows. Light gleamed from most of them, and from some came the sounds of music and the hum of voices, but outside all was deserted and still. Philip led his companion to one of the seats in the inclosure, and made her sit down.

"We can talk here," he said, "unheard, unseen. Let me say again, Helen, I love you. Do you believe it?"

"I know it."

The voice came soft and sweet, like the cooing of a dove. It was music to Philip Craven's ears, but it had a ring of pain in it, which he could not detect—not yet, at least—for he had no suspicion it was there.

"And you love me? Ah, say yes. Say that I have not been deceiving myself—building up a tower of false hopes, to have them dashed down with a word in hideous ruin. You *do* love me, Helen, do you not? I have fancied I heard it in your tones, read it in your looks—seen it in a thousand little things. Ah, do not tell me it was my own passion blinded me. Say I was right—give me a word, a look, a sign, that I am not quite indifferent to you!"

"Indifferent! Oh, no!"

She burst into such passionate weeping as she spoke that he was half frightened. He took the hand that lay in her lap, and lifted it to his lips.

"Darling," he said, "if you can say the little word I so long to hear, my whole life shall be devoted to striving to make you happy. You shall not have an unfulfilled wish if any striving of mine can prevent it. You shall have the bravest home in New York, and the brightest jewels that ever sparkled in the city shall adorn my love. I am rich, Helen—richer even than people think—and ——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" she said with a shudder. "Do not talk of that. What is money where love is?"

"Wealth would not tempt you, my own pure darling—I know that; but I love to think what money can do in building a home for you to dwell in. Speak to me, my own Helen—I am burning for your answer. Say you love me, and I shall be content."

"Heaven forgive me, I do."

Startled by her words, he looked into her face and saw there that it was ashy white, with a wild, glassy expression in her eyes. Her hand, too, was cold as marble when he took it in his own burning fingers.

"Heaven forgive you!" he said. "Why? What sin is there in avowing an innocent love?"

"Innocent!" she said, with a voice like I wail of agony. "Ah, no! Shameful, wicked, treacherous! You call me a pure woman, Mr. Craven—so I am at heart and in act, I hope; but I have acted wickedly to you. I have let you love me, knowing that I could give nothing in return."

"*Nothing*, Helen? Have you not told me that you love me? Is not that anything? It was what I wanted to make earth a heaven to me?"

"Love you!" she repeated slowly, gazing at him with blank despair in her eyes. "Yes, I do love you, weak, wicked creature that I am. I love you, Philip Craven, as I never thought I could love human being. I am mad, I think, to tell you; but so much in my life has seemed like madness that it seems unreal to be here with you now. Oh, forgive me for any act of mine that has made you throw away your brave, loving heart on me. I cannot marry you."

"Cannot?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it would be a sin!"

"A sin—when we love each other?"

"Love! Oh, yes. I love you so dearly that I would give the rest of my life to be your wife for the briefest space of time; but there is a bar between us—a past of such horror and misery that when you know the truth you will spurn me from you with loathing and contempt. Love between you and me is a *crime*, Philip Craven."

"What do you mean?"

His voice was hoarse and almost stern, for there had flashed into his mind a glimmering idea of the truth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DIFFERENCE.—If a man on the cars sees a young lady he doesn't know from Eve, and never saw before, urging to let down the window, he throws down his paper, takes off his hat, bows to himself double, smiles clear round to his after collar-button, says sweetly: "Allow me?" and closes the window with graceful skill and charming courtesy. If his wife says: "Tom, won't you please let the window down for me?" he tucks his paper savagely under his arm, and, stalking across the aisle, stands on her feet while he bangs the window down with a slam that fills her face and hair with dust. And if his wife, holding a baby on one arm and a lunch-basket on the other, tries to let down the window, and says timidly and suggestively: "Oh, dear, I don't believe I can get it down," he grunts, says: "Eh? oh!" and buries himself still deeper in his paper. That's what you're coming to, Laura.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"THE BLACK CROOK."

Our Special and Unprecedented Revival of the Popular Spectacle.

OUR STALACTA.

Yielding to what appears to be the popular demand of the day, we have determined to resuscitate "The Black Crook," and it is perhaps redundant to add that this resuscitation will be made on a scale of grandeur hitherto unparalleled. In presenting the dazzling array of shapely femininity which will always continue to form the chief attraction of the spectacular drama, we shall so far take the patrons of THE CLIPPER into our confidence as to tell them something about the private character of the lovely creatures who figure in "The Crook." We shall, to a certain extent, lift the veil which covers the true inwardness of the profession, and expose the mysteries of the greenroom and stage. But we shall do all this with delicacy and discrimination, so that the sylphs themselves will have no reason to feel offended. To begin with, the fact ought to be kept in mind that "The Black Crook" is founded upon the masterpiece of Germany's master-mind. Anybody who reads "Faust" with an intelligent comprehension of its beauties will at once perceive that Goethe's poem furnished the skeleton, if not the flesh and blood, of the popular spectacle. Hence a careful study of "The Black Crook" serves the same purpose as a careful study of Goethe—a point to which we would call the special attention of teachers and college-professors. For, however loth the students may be to tackle the German poet, they will, we feel assured, eagerly devote themselves to "The Crook." Another point to be remembered is that the play teaches a great moral lesson, viz., that it is extremely unsafe to enter into any compact with the Evil One, and that Virtue, in the long run, is sure to triumph over Villainy. Brother Talmage himself could not inculcate a truer moral lesson than this. It will therefore be seen that "The Black Crook" may profitably be studied, not only in place of Goethe, but also in lieu of Sunday-school books. With these preliminary philosophic reflections we will proceed with the spectacle. This grand revival is attended by a lavishness of outlay which is in itself little less than a marvel. In keeping with the high moral ground upon which we stand, we have determined that nothing connected with this representation shall be of a nature calculated to deceive. Everything is precisely what it appears to be. For instance, all the shields and helmets which you will see displayed by the Amazons are made out of solid gold; all the dazzling wealth in the realms of Stalacta is made up of genuine diamonds, rubies, amethysts and other precious stones; the jewels which flash upon the bosoms of the nymphs are gems of the purest ray; the nymphs themselves are real nymphs, and, so far as the contingencies of the case will admit, the demons who shoot up out of the stage are real demons, and his Satanic Majesty is the nearest approach to the genuine article which could be found. It will thus be seen that, in addition to the intense reality given to this spectacle, it possesses also the virtue of absolute truth. Of course, the expense attending such a production is enormous; yet we have not been obliged to call upon our friends for subscriptions to the fund, nor have we attempted to raise the debt by bogus contributions with offers to make good the difference from our own private account. But we are neglecting the nymphs in dealing with these generalities. We call your attention first to our Stalacta. You will see at once that she is the real thing—that there is not a suspicion of fraud about her anywhere. From her dainty feet to the waving plumes that crown her head she is simply perfect. Her form is all that it should be, while the elaborateness of her hosiery is something which we cannot undertake to explain. We have promised to tell you something about the personality of these "Black Crook" charmers, but there is really very little to tell concerning Stalacta. She is an estimable young woman in private life, and she never treads the black and crooked paths, except on the stage. She has a sister, however, a most distracting corypheé, whom we bring before you with some misgivings. This is because she possesses, in a remarkable degree, the fatal facility of breaking masculine hearts. If she breaks yours, we want it distinctly understood that we will not be responsible for the damages. Stalacta's sister, who is also known as Mlle. Patrizonis, and who is called by her intimate friends Patty, has a strong fondness for winking at the old men in the front seats. This naturally leads to numerous epistles and loving solicitations for an introduction. Truth compels us to acknowledge that Patty is always willing to accept a proposal for a quiet little supper, and in spite of her fairy-like tendencies she possesses an appetite that would do credit to a long-distance pedestrian. The only fault that we have to find with Patty is her propensity for introducing song-and-dance steps into the ballet. This may "take" with the gallery, but it really spoils the artistic unities of the scene. Moreover, she is very apt to strike some such position as that in which you see her now which is eminently suggestive of a serio-comic singer warbling a popular refrain, or announcing "That's the sort of clothespin I am!" Still, with all her eccentricities, Patty is a very nice sort of girl, and you cannot help liking her. Another of the particular stars who brighten the firmament of "The Black Crook" is the angelic Amazon herewith presented. If you observe her critically you will discover that she combines the distinctive features of an Amazon, an angel and a nymph, all in one. Her shield and spear are indicative of Amazonian qualities; her wings are sufficient in themselves to bespeak the angel, while the scarcity of clothing and the shapely outlines of her figure constitute the accepted characteristics of the nymph. She is a very graceful creature and has hosts of admirers, as she deserves. When we advertised for three hundred handsome young ladies, which we did as a necessary preliminary to reviving "The Crook," this angelic Amazon was among the first to apply for an engagement. She did not come exactly in the guise in which you see her now, but our critical eye was able at once to detect her strong points. We told her then that it was our desire to have no deception about the spectacle; that we intended to introduce a ballet led by a young woman with wings, and that, if we could find such a being, we would make it an object for her to close with us. Upon hearing this, the angelic Amazon smiled an angelic smile, and remarked that she was "just the cheese." [We have since discovered that that expression is the Amazonic for "I am the person you want."] Examination revealed the astonishing fact that the young lady in question was actually provided with real wings! She explained to us that she had been an angel almost from her birth—that is, a stage angel—and that, from standing about in the wings for so many years, she had at last been rewarded with a pair of wings of her own. These had sprouted just back of her white shoulders, and enabled her, she said, to fly without any racket. Some of the other three hundred handsome young ladies said that the angelic Amazon was evidently fly to any racket which might be introduced; but we do not know what they meant by such language. Of course we engaged the angelic Amazon, and we feel a pardonable pride in thus managing the only really winged angel that ever appeared on the stage. The last of the bevy of beauties which we shall invite you to scrutinize this week is, perhaps, the most bewitching of all. This is our premiere danseuse, the acknowledged queen of the ballet, the ideal of Terpsichorean grace, the captivating belle of the spectacle. Words are not needed to impress you with the superlative loveliness of this charming creature. It will prove more convincing, as well as more satisfying, to look upon her as she appears. That exquisite figure owes nothing of its perfection to art. It is all nature, simple and unadulterated. The unique design of her costume is entirely original. It gives, as you will perceive, a sort of bizarre setting to her beauty. The wing-like drapery may have been suggested by the make-up of Mephistopheles, but it is a decided improvement upon that character. If Stalacta is admired, if Patty is patronized, if the angelic Amazon is worshiped, the belle of the ballet certainly receives more attention than all these others put together. She is, in the simple but expressive vernacular of the street, a masher. She is the white rose of "The Black Crook"—and various other things. When "The Crook" was originally produced she was the belle of the ballet, just as she is now. That was somewhat more than a dozen years ago. She was just eighteen then, and we may inform you, strictly in confidence, that she is just nineteen now. Such is the rejuvenating influence of the ballet life that her virtues shine as resplendently as do the jewels she wears on the stage. As well as being the most graceful dancer in the world, she is a devoted wife and an affectionate mother—and it is a great deal for a nymph to be an affectionate mother. At another time we may introduce you to more of the fair creatures who figure in this greatest of modern revivals; but we have already, we hope, convinced you of the morality and unclouded goodness of "The Black Crook."

THE ANGELIC AMAZON.

STALACTA'S SISTER

THE BELLE OF THE BALLET.

TAKING NOTES.

DEDICATED TO MISS GEORGIE KANE BY O. R. B.

By the dressing-room door, you remember,
I asked for your route—don't you know!
And you said: "I think it's at Tony's
That we are expected to go."
For the news I thanked you politely,
But somehow I lingered there still,
For I wanted to chat just a moment
'Bout one or two "acts" on the bill.

You know I expressed my opinion,
As reporters quite frequently do,
And of course you haven't forgotten
It found immense favor with you;

But the result I never expected
Would be quite so bad in the end,
Still you said you "never suspected
I spoke to you but as a friend."
But please don't call me a "critic,"
Or one with a well-balanced brain,
For all of my verses are common,
My letters exceedingly plain;
Notwithstanding, don't fancy I flatter,
When I tell you to "go it alone."
For this is just what is the matter—
You have talent enough of your own.

SHOREY, CARLE, DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS IN 1860.

J. G. H. Shorey, who claims to have been the organizer and originator of this troupe of New Orleans minstrels in Rocky Point, R. I., in 1849, contributes the bill of which a copy is given. The performances took place in Mobile, Ala. C. H. Duprez, now manager of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, Mr. Shorey says, joined the troupe as agent in 1856. Master Tommy (Gettings), jig and clog dancer, died in this city Nov. 25, 1866. Mr. Shorey is performing in variety theatres. M. T. Skiff, bass-singer, is still before the public, we believe. C. Bovee, bone-player, died in Providence, R. I., July 1, 1862. J. H. Carle, banjoist, is performing in variety theatres. L. R. Crandall, ballad-singer, died in this city some years ago. J. E. Green, imitator of the mocking-bird, is in Grand Rapids, Mich. Celestine and Estella are performing in variety theatres. The whereabouts of J. R. Herman, violin-player, are unknown. C. Lavallee, pianist, is still traveling. T. P. Giffin, cornet-player and leader of brass band, is dead. E. Harrison, trick-violinist, was drowned in Providence, R. I. F. Bowles, alto horn-player, is now with Emerson's Minstrels. G. W. Bailey, double-bass player, is a broker in Milford, Mass. C. H. Pratt, B flat cornet-performer, is also engaged in business in Milford.

AMPHITHEATRE
THIRD NIGHT OF THE STAR TROUPE.
Crowded, crowded, crowded, with the beauty and elite of the city. Still another splendid bill of attraction.
Secure your seats early. Come, let us be gay.
POSITIVELY FOUR NIGHTS LONGER.
GRAND ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EACH NIGHT.
MONSIEUR C. LAVALLEE,
the accomplished Piano Soloist, will preside at the pianoforte.
SHOREY, CARLE, DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ONLY ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND
will give their third and last grand Ethiopian concert but three at the above place on
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1860,
introducing the greatest variety of new songs, glees, overtures, opera pieces, queer and funny anyings, laughter-proving burlesques, etc., ever offered to the public—new and original with this troupe only.
GRAND FREE BALCONY CONCERT
in front of the hall every evening by Giffin's brass band
Stage manager.....J. G. H. Shorey
Musical Director.....Monsieur C. Lavallee
NOTICE.—This troupe has been pronounced by the best critics in the Union to be the most pleasing, side-splitting, irresistible band of Ethiopian Serenaders ever organized. Come and see for yourself. Admission 25 cents.
PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.
Overture.....Brass Band and Opera Troupe
Georgie—"Erasus".....Company
Old Play-ground.....Master Tommy
Johnny was a Shoemaker.....J. G. H. Shorey
Favorite Song.....M. T. Skiff
Pompey's Lament.....C. Bovee
Lost Child.....J. H. Carle
Billy Kobbe—with recitations.....L. R. Crandall
Annie Lile.....J. E. Green
Trip to see the Great Eastern, or Darkies' Jubilee.....Company
PART SECOND.
Double Dance.....Celestine and Estella
Ballad.....L. R. Crandall
Mocking-bird Song, by the greatest imitator in the world.....J. E. Green
Miss McGovern's Reel.....Shorey and Bovee
Banjo Solo—new.....J. H. Carle
Banjo Trio.....Green, Carle and Shorey
Ballad.....Young America
South Carolina Extract.....C. Bovee
Black Jean Burlesque.....J. E. Green
Clog Dance—by the young champion.....Master Tommy
To conclude with the laughable burlesque afterpiece
KEEP THE NIGGER IN LIE TENT.

J. G. H. Shorey,	J. R. Herman,	F. Bowles,
J. E. Green,	T. P. Giffin,	G. W. Bailey,
J. H. Carle,	C. Bovee,	C. H. Pratt,
Monsieur C. Lavallee,	E. Harrison,	W. H. Thornton,
Celestine and Estella,	M. T. Skiff,	Master Tommy.

Admission — Dress-circle, [illegible]; family-circle, Seats.; Orchestra boxes, Seats.; children and servants, Seats.
Doors open at a quarter to 7. To commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock, precisely.
PROPRIETORS—SHOREY, CARLE, DUPREZ & GREEN.
Manager and Business Agent—Charles H. Duprez.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

A Sonnet.

A casual meeting in a crowded street;
An introduction through a mutual friend;
Blushes, soft words, and tender looks that send
The thrill of love, delirious and sweet,
Through hearts that sympathetically beat;
A morning call, then visits without end;
Whispers in corners; mellow voices blend
In happy harmony; anon complete
Subjection to the thraldom of love's spell;
An arm around a slender waist; the old,
Old story, ever new, yet known so well;
A faintly-whispered answer to a bold
Question; a kiss on lips that never tell;
A wedding, and a circlet of bright gold.

THE WOMAN OF SCARLET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MILO HOFFMAN.

This is the story of a man who was confined twelve years in a mad-house. At the end of that time he was dismissed as cured, though in reality he was no more insane than either you or I. It always seemed to me like a clear case of bull-dozing; a story such as this ought not to keep a man in a mad-house for twelve long years.

"You may believe it or not, as you think best," began the man; "it is the truth. If I had been less of a rover when I was a young man, it would have been better for me and better for the ones I loved. There were three of us in the family besides my parents—a sister and two brothers. I do not well remember her. My sister, she was so young when I left home; but my mother, who was of a strange, poetic nature, wrote me that she was very beautiful, that she had blue eyes and flaxen hair, that her face was faultless and her form divine. They called her Wilfred—that was my mother's name—and I fancied, and not without good reason, that mother and daughter were alike in looks as well as name.

"Wilfred was just fifteen years old when my mother died, and then she went to live with a queer old sister of my father, who ill-treated her, and, as a consequence, perhaps, she ran away, and went nobody knew whither. I was in California when the news reached me that she had disappeared, and I started for home at once; for I loved the flaxen-haired little girl, loved her though I scarcely knew her, and I wanted to find her and save her, for I feared—well, she was very pretty, and that is enough.

"It is a long voyage from San Francisco to New York, but I made it in time; and then I set to work on my mission of duty. And I need scarcely tell you that I searched the city day in and day out, that my nights were passed among dives and brothels, that I went from one place to another like an insane wanderer, looking for someone I could not find, someone with big blue eyes and flaxen hair, whose name was Wilfred! And so the days wore on, the bitter months kept tracing by, and the little girl-waif was nowhere to be found, and I gave up in despair. Then I fell in with an old doctor, and, having nothing else to do, took to reading medicine, and at length entered the medical college, became ambitious to excel in surgery, and so kept on until I was introduced into the dissecting-room.

"If it were possible for me to forget this part of my life, right gladly would I do it. There is something in the idea of being cut to pieces, even when dead, that takes away the shudder. I have a vivid remembrance of what I saw when I *first* entered that cold, dark room; but what I saw *last* comes to me like a thing of evil, so terrible in its reality that I often close my eyes to shut out the awful sight. I remember going in with one of the professors. I glanced around the room, and in one corner, gathered around a low table, were the students, eight in number, a little afraid, not feel at all backward in approaching the group. I had nothing to fear, I thought; so, in a careless way, I said to the professor who was with me:

"'What sort of a subject have we here—man or woman?'

"'A young woman,' was the reply.

"'And you found her?'

"The professor started and looked at me sharply, and then, as if to satisfy me, replied:

"'We get subjects in various ways—we sometimes steal them, and then again they are given to us. This person was a *woman of scarlet*. You understand me? Come forward, and have a look at her.'

"I did so; but the moment I fixed my eyes upon her, a terror seized me such as I had never known before; my hands went into the air, I screamed, started back like a madman; then, turning, rushed frantically from the room. What was it that frightened me, do you ask? I have told you of a flaxen-haired little girl, with blue eyes and face divinely moulded; so let me tell you now that in that cold, dark room, stretched out on the low table, surrounded by students, I saw, in death, just that one moment I saw that strangely beautiful face I had seen so often in my dreams, the flaxen curls, the finely-shaped head—in fact, I saw in that one moment none other than the beautiful, homeless waif, Wilfred, my sister!

"If I am not insane, I must have dreamed all this; and if I am insane, and this is not a dream, then I ask the charity of all men. I feel sure that I am unlike other men in my contact with the world; and if sane, which I think I am, I saw this strange, terrible sight just as plainly as I see anything to-day. There she lay, there were the flaxen curls, the brow, the closed eyes, the beautiful face—beautiful even in death—of Wilfred, the forsaken. What a terror there was in the sight! My brain seemed leaping from my head; I was wild; and, when I became anything like rational, I found myself standing on the bank of the river that ran just back of the college, so weak that I could scarcely keep from falling to the ground. It was after midnight, and I had been standing there more than an hour, wondering, hoping, fearing, when suddenly I saw a woman start from the shadows and move down the stream. Presently she halted, and, turning her eyes in every direction, cried in a whisper:

"'Richard, Richard! where are you?'

"If my heart ever went to my throat through terror and surprise, it was at this moment. I cannot explain how startled I was; and when I tell you why I was startled you will wonder that I did not scream with terror, as I had done an hour before, and rush wildly away.

"'Richard, Richard! where are you?' came again in whispered tones.

"It was the voice that startled me, nothing else; for if my dear, dead mother had appeared before me at that moment I would not have been more sure of anything than I was that it was she who had spoken. It came to me like a flash: I was sure of it. It was my mother's voice, just as sure as I was standing there alive, or else it was the voice of my fair-haired sister Wilfred.

"The same words, 'Richard, Richard! where are you?' were repeated two or three times more, then the woman walked down to the edge of the river, and unfastened a small boat that lay idly rocking on the water, and, springing in, seized the oars and pushed quickly out from shore. She had not taken her seat yet, but stood upright, with her face turned towards the land, and then, for the first time, I caught sight of it, under the ghostly moon, and, will you believe me? standing there in the boat, with her face turned towards me, standing like a figure of marble, was the woman I had seen dead, more than dead, in the dissecting room!

"I think I must have shrieked when I saw this sight. Anyhow, I sprang forward, and when on the edge of the stream, within a dozen yards of the woman, I stretched out my hands towards her and cried: 'Wilfred! Wilfred! do not be afraid; it is I. Come back, come back!' I called again and again; I bent over the water, my breath came thick and fast, my hands worked convulsively, the woman only laughed, and, tossing her flaxen curls, turned suddenly in the boat, with her white robes floating in the wind, and the next moment she was gone!

"I do not know how long I stood there after this, but it must have been half an hour; and then I became suddenly conscious that I was not alone, that someone was approaching me, that, even then, a dark figure was gliding along the river-bank, and would halt within a few feet of where I stood. And in this I was not deceived. The figure moved cautiously along, and pretty soon there was outlined upon the water the shadow of a woman, and the next moment the woman herself stood before me. She did not see me, and seemed disappointed because she did not see some person upon whom she was looking. Several times she walked up and down the stream, then she halted, and, like the woman before her, gave a whispered call, and again I had good reason to fill with terror.

"'Wilfred, Wilfred!' the woman cried; 'I am waiting for you. Come, where are you?'

"It was strange, indeed, that this woman should call that name, and that she and what had she to do with anyone bearing the name of Wilfred? I was wild at the thought, and, springing forward like a tiger, grasped the woman in my arms. Fiercely she struggled to get away, but I held her at last so she could scarcely move. Then I yelled into her ears:

"'Woman, who are you?'

"She laughed quietly, and replied:

"'You call me a woman?'

"'Yes—yes,' I said.

"'But I'm a man—disguised! Look at me and see. Am I not speaking the truth?'

"It was even so. What next would happen I could not tell. The stranger seemed to enjoy my surprise, and asked:

"'Are you a policeman, to be out at this hour of the night?'

"'No,' I replied.

"'Then who are you?'

"I told him my name, and for some reason the keen, black eyes grew wondrously large, and the pale face manifested more than common surprise.

"'I have told you who I am,' I said, as I gave the man his liberty. 'Now, who are you?'

"'Never mind; it don't matter,' he replied, watching my face with his searching black eyes.

"I could stand it no longer: my heart was bursting, and, thinking of one thing only, I cried:

"'Where is she—Wilfred, Wilfred! You have seen her, and you should tell me where she is. Speak, man, or you'll drive me mad!'

"There was something in my voice that seemed to startle him, or in my words or actions; anyhow, he stared at me like a maniac, and, waving me back with uplifted hands, without another word, disappeared among the shadows.

"Let me not attempt to describe my feelings now. For several minutes after this I did not move, but presently I saw a white, glistening object on the sand, and stooped and picked it up. It was only a common envelope, but it contained a photograph that seemed to burn into my fingers. It was the likeness of a pale young man of twenty-five, with black eyes, black hair, and delicate features. Besides the photograph there were several cards in the envelope—business-cards, principally—and a short extract from a paper in reference to a recent bank robbery, in which a person by the name of Richard Kent figured prominently. I had heard of the bank robbery, and I had also heard of Richard Kent, for he was known as one of the most successful counterfeiters living. The newspaper clipping spoke of the outlawry of this man, and then minutely described his appearance. I did not read it until I had reached my room, and then, thinking it all over, said:

"'The two are the same—Richard Kent and the man I met at the river. But what relation does Wilfred hold to this man?'

"But why did I think of her after the scene in the dissecting-room—after the scene on the river bank—after all that had happened, what reason had I to think that she was even alive?

"So the weeks went by, and after many days I became more like myself, and then, to have a change of scene, I journey

dashed off at full gallop in the direction of the hills.

Not for an hour or more, until the foam flew in flakes from the charger's nostrils, did he slacken speed, and then he only half turned in the saddle and shook his clenched fist in vindictive rage at the towers and minarets behind him.

"Vile infidel! daughter of the Giaour! you shall pay for this!" he cried.

Henry Arvell, through an impulse of pity and fair-play, had drawn the sword that was to be his doom.

Three more days of glorious sunshine, with soft, low, west winds and two nights of calm beauty, with the fire-flies gleaming through the myrtle and cypress woods, and the songs of the nightingales falling sweetly on the ear, and again it is night. In the voluptuous repose of her chamber sits the Countess Moladski, and beside her Henry Arvell. Why had he gone back to her, knowing something of the truth as to what she was, and why had she summoned him once more, was, and why had she summoned him once more, there to herself in her solitude she had said it when to herself in her solitude she had said it were better to forget? Because he loved her with a blind, unreasoning worship, and she, with her wit, her intrigues, her knowledge of the world, was but a woman after all.

The lamps were shaded, and but a dim sort of tranquil twilight was in the room. Outside were the voices of the nightingales, the pleasant ripple of the waters, the sound of the soft, wooing wind among the leaves. Inside, silence reigned. No one but themselves and the domestics were in the palace, for her bodyguard of Greeks had been absent since the sun had set. He could feel her warm breath stir his hair as her head was bent towards him, and he seized her hand, and, kissing it passionately, once more poured forth his vows of love, while this time she did not repel him, but listened, lingering lovingly over the music of his voice.

Meanwhile, from the shrubs in the garden below, dark forms armed to the teeth were climbing up the pillars and crawling along in the shadows till they cut off all escape from the windows and the doors.

In an instant they were in the room, more than a dozen in all, around the man and woman seated together on the ottoman, and foremost among them was Omar, the Roumanian mountain-emir. His eyes were ablaze with hate and rage, mingled savagely with a cruel, animal lust, as he stood with folded arms gloating upon his captives.

"Traitoress!" he cried exultingly, "it is you who are in my power now."

Whatever her faults might be, this woman was brave. She started to her feet and stood, her hand in her bosom, defiantly confronting him, with the rage of a wounded tigress blazing from her eyes.

"You lie!" she cried in his own dialect; and even while she spoke her hand left her breast, and the mountain chief fell to the ground with a bullet through his brain.

His sudden fall had the effect for a moment of striking his followers powerless. This Henry Arvell was not slow to see, and, seizing the Countess in his arms, he broke through them and made for the door. By this time, however, the followers of the dead emir had recovered themselves, and with a fierce yell their cimitars flashed from their scabbards, and a very rain of bullets showered after the fugitives. As they passed into the garden one of the pursuers, gaining on his fellows, had almost reached them when another thin stream of fire flashed from the Countess' pistol, and he fell dead upon his face.

"Let me down," she said to the young man. "I only encumber you and cause us to lose time."

He set her down accordingly, and they ran on with an excess of speed for more than a hundred yards, when the Countess tripped over a trailing vine and fell heavily to the ground.

"My ankle is sprained," she said calmly. "Go on and leave me. They at least shall not make me their captive."

His only reply was to once more raise her in his arms and dash towards a sheltered nook among the trees by the water's edge, where he knew a small skiff was lying. He reached it in safety, and was just about to step into it when he stumbled and fell heavily forward. He was up again in an instant, however, but still he knew it was his death-shot that had struck him. He seized the oars and sent the light skiff forward with vigorous strokes that almost lifted it from the water.

"Give me the oars," the Countess said. "I am afraid you are badly hurt."

"No," he answered; "you sit where you are, and pick off our pursuers as they gain upon us."

The advice was necessary, for the next moment from beyond a cape a calique shot out, and in the moonlight they could see a man standing in the bow with a revolver leveled. The next instant, however, it exploded harmlessly in the air, and, the man with a cry of agony, had fallen back among the rowers.

So on for perhaps a quarter of an hour, all of which time they kept beyond their pursuers, though the bullets dropped like hail in the water around them, until they drew near the palace of a foreign diplomatist, the occupants of which, aroused by the shots, came out upon the water terrace, and the baffled pursuers turned back. They were not more than five boat-lengths from the steps, when the oars dropped from Henry Arvell's hands, and he fell back with a pallid face upturned to the placid sky.

"Nathalie," he said, "I can do no more. Think of me sometimes, for I never loved you more than now."

As she looked upon him a cold sweat broke out upon her, and a coldness as of ice came around her heart. She had looked too often upon death in every form not to know this was it. Perhaps, had she been alone in the night with a dying, or a wild agony of grief, refusing to be comforted; but the exigencies of her world were pitiless.

The boat, impelled by its own impetus, grounded on the steps, and the diplomat whose palace it was gave her his arm to assist her from the boat. As she took it, she turned for an instant to those who were raising the pulseless body lying across the thwarts.

"He is a brave man, a gentleman, and saved my life," she said. "When he recovers from his fainting fit, I shall be most pleased to tender him my thanks."

That was all her world—any world—knew that she mourned him.

A friend saw the woman, beautiful, fascinating as ever, but a few months ago in Paris. She rode in the Champs Elysees with a stupid-looking Dutch envoy, and, as the carriage rolled slowly by, he overheard her lament to her companion—probably she was flattering him by alluding to his leather-headed, robber-baron ancestors—that the age of chivalry was dead.

I wonder did she mean it? Feelings sometimes speak the truth through words that are meant to conceal them. Perhaps she felt it had died for her with one who sleeps near where the white seagulls flit like unquiet spirits over the waves of the Bosphorus, in the shadows of the cypress and myrtle woods, where all night long the sweet-throated bulbuhi, in strains of melting tenderness, pours his heart away.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS IN LONDON.

A CHAT WITH MR. MYERS.

"Yes, sir, it *is* a big show," says Mr. Myers in answer to what is by no means a compliment, but a simple statement of fact, "and you are right about the horses, as you will see if you care to look down the stables with me. Broken-down racers that have worn themselves out in drawing a cab won't do for my circus. They're all very well for the sawdust business, but they don't suit here."

We turn aside from the open space in the centre of the hall, where a gentleman is lying on his back kicking a ball about in the air, a performance which looks odd with trousers on the acrobatic legs; and a mysterious lot of other gentlemen, who are clowns in public life, are arranging some business which occasionally necessitates the striking of remarkable attitudes.

"There's a horse!" Mr. Myers says proudly, as we pass so the long rows of stabling. "That's Mameluke. I bought him out of the Emperor of Germany's stables. He had been carrying one of the young princes, but he got thrown one day, and I had the chance of buying him. That one belonged to the Emperor of Russia—Sultan they call him; and the next—that chestnut—was given to me by the Grand Duke Constantine. Quite a horse, an elephant and a lion the same day, and told me to call the horse Romo—it was the day he made his Statesentry into Rome. Ah! he was a king," says Mr. Myers reflectively. "He gave me this watch too," and he shows a heavy gold watch with the royal cipher in big diamonds on the back, and on the face a wonderful collection of guides to the day of the month, of the week, of the year, and other conveniences, including a barometer.

"Does it tell you correctly?" I ask.

"Wonderfully true," Mr. Myers answers. "With that and the lions and elephants I feel certain about the weather. Many a time they've saved my tents from being blown down."

"It never occurred to me to regard lions and elephants in the light of barometers," I humbly urge, fully aware that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in my philosophy. "How can you tell by them what the weather's going to be?"

"Surest sign in the world," he replies. "They never make mistakes. When a storm or a spell of bad weather is coming, the lions halloa and the elephants all huddle together. Yes, and I can tell, too, pretty well whether it's settled bad weather or just a passing storm. If the lions hollow all together, it's going to be short. Sometimes they sit round in a circle with their tails all together, and set to making a desperate noise, and that means a short spell; but at other times one begins, and then another, or perhaps two of them sit down together and roar against each other, and then one, and then another two—that means that a rough time's coming, and won't soon pass over."

Having digested this singular piece of information, we pass to the next stall.

"Now, there's a curious horse," Mr. Myers continued. "Washington his name is, a thoroughbred Claybank-Virginia. He's marked just exactly as a Skye-terrier is. Where the terrier's dark—look at his legs below the knee, and his muzzle—he's marked too. Perfect shaped horse, too, isn't it? That white's Richelieu; look at his little head—small like a peacock's! He's taken prizes in almost all the cities I've been to, and he's one of the best artists I have in the place."

Mr. Myers, in fact, regards his horses as friends and fellow-artists. They know him, and he knows them.

"Come over, old man!" he says to another. "Bonfanti, that is. There's a head and neck; he looks over at you like a goose! There's Mars," and Mars shows an eager desire to have some notice taken of him, gazing regretfully after his master as he passes by.

"There's Mrs. Myers' horse, Cromwell. Splendid jumper! See those quarters, and shoulders the same. Here, boy, strip him. There's power! That's nothing," he says, seeing my attention is attracted to a mark on his shoulder. "Some of them got loose one night and bit him, but it's well now. He's a real nice fellow!" adds his master affectionately as we leave the gallant Cromwell.

"Now, here's a strange thing," Mr. Myers goes on as we come to a long row of spotted horses. "There are twenty-three of them—come from Western Bohemia. They're all spotted, and the peculiarity about them is that at the bottom of the mountain the spots are quite small—see, like that! As you get higher up the mountain the spots come bigger, and up at the top they are marked with patches of dark color. These skew-balls and pieballs come from Schleswig-Holstein. I've been obliged to leave forty horses up at the Crystal Palace. How many are there here? Well, I hardly know. In the procession there are forty, and twenty in the two carriages, and the ridden horses come near to a hundred; then there are the twenty ponies driven in hand. There's a goodish many up here."

Undoubtedly there are, and the owner can afford to speak modestly when the spectacle speaks so plainly for itself.

"Those creams I got from the Emperor Francis Joseph. Hanoverians they are. Soft things. No use, except for toys."

"That carriage," its owner proceeds, "was sent to President Lincoln soon after his election; but it was too fine for him—he didn't care for that sort of thing; so I bought it, took it from New York to Hamburg, when there was all that business about a Congress after the Franco-Prussian war. All the emperors and kings were there, you know, in state, but they were 'not in it.' Most of them came to look at it—that carving in front's beautiful, you see, and it's a real fine carriage. Everybody acknowledged that Myers had a better carriage than any monarch in Europe. The harness is splendid, too. See here! It nearly takes an elephant to carry it—strong, horses I have to get, I can tell you. That harness was made for the Emperor Napoleon, just before he went to the campaign to Sedan. He never got back in time to take it up," said Mr. Myers drily. "There's no nonsense about that carriage, and the servants are to match. All dressed in the best gold, bullion, silk and velvet. Each man has more than £100 worth of clothes on as he stands behind, and the coachman on the box, too."

"You seem to have had a pretty intimate acquaintance with crowned heads," I suggest, as another present from the late King of Italy is pointed out. "I suppose Victor Emmanuel was very fond of circuses?"

"Fond of circuses, sir? He was the best fellow in the world!" Mr. Myers cries, and I take it to be as neat a response as I have heard for a very long time. From Mr. Myers' standpoint it is easy to comprehend that good fellows are estimated according to their appreciation of the entertainment he provides; and the King must therefore have been estimable in the highest degree.

"Why," my interesting informant continues, "I've often had the King in the morning, when we were practicing in the ring, with the whip in his hand—*yes*, and the Princes holding gates for Mrs. Myers to jump."

"I've not the least doubt she jumped them very admirably," I reply, and Mr. Myers more than admits it.

"Jump, sir?" he says. "I'd give £1,000 to any lady that would follow my wife. There! and that's one coming near up to her," he goes on as we emerge from the stables and enter the body of the hall.

"Miss Myers, isn't it? Good-looking horse that chestnut. Does she usually ride it?" I ask.

"Never been on it before, and it's never carried a lady, either," he answers, as we approach the ring, where Miss Myers, on a compact little chestnut, is riding over some poles held to the sides of the inclosure.

"Don't let his head loose, my dear! Hold him up and make him look like something. That's it! Where's the gate?"

A gate with three bars is brought into the ring, and over it the little horse bounds.

"That's it! Don't let his head go too loose, or else he'll slummock all over the place. That's it! Now, then, where's the big gate! Take it in, Johnny Watson—lend a hand to hold it up."

The brave girl glances at the sturdy piece of carpentry. There is no mistake about it. The gate is of at least the usual height, firmly made of good stout timber, the sort of thing that, if it has not to be jumped, stops a very considerable majority of a hunting-field.

"All right, my dear! If he can jump one, he can jump the other. Hold him well together, don't let him slummock," cries her father as she canters round the ring preparatory to trying it.

"Now, then! Up!"

Over goes the gallant little horse, with more than a bit of a buck; but his rider's seat is sure and her hands are cunning, though the big jolt sends her hat off, and it hangs around her neck as she comes to the gate again and clears it a second time.

"Now, then, round the hurdles," her father says, and I note that four big, gorse-covered hurdles have been arranged round the hall, after the fashion adopted at the Horse Show. The little chestnut does not care about jumping any more, but his mistress has a will of her own, and, as she tries to bolt out towards the stables, is on the alert and checks him promptly.

"Now, my dear, keep your head up a bit when you jump. Let him go—not too fast. Bravo!" he cries, as the little horse vanishes over the jump, the brave rider scarcely swerving in the saddle; and "bravo" from Mr. Myers means a very great deal.

"That'll do, my dear," he says kindly, and there is a proud twinkle in the father's eye as he watches the brave girl ride off to the stables—as well there may be.

We had most of the noted lady-riders in my Hippodrome, and, but there are few of them good for much. They go bumping about on the horse, keeping tight hold of his head, or else letting him slummock all over the place." ("Slummocking," it will be observed, is an offense in Mr. Myers' eyes). "No; it isn't easy to jump such a gate in the circle, I can tell you. Where would the best steeplechase-rider be if he wasn't trained to it? Why, over the side of the ring, horse and all. You've got to *bend* him at it," he explains, holding an imaginary pair of reins in his hands, and illustrating the process. "It's easier for a man, besides, with two spurs, a pair of knees and a couple of hands on him. But that girl can ride."

"We Englishmen flatter ourselves that we understand something about horses, you know, Mr. Myers. What countrymen do you find best for your business?" I ask.

"Yes, I suppose Englishmen do know something about horses, though it's dreadfully disparting work with some of them that come to see mine," he answers. "I show a man sometimes one of my best horses, get him to notice the shape and points of the animal, go carefully over it, thinking that he's taking it all in, and then he says: 'Dear me, Mr. Myers, what a lively tail he's got!' I'd rather have a blow on the head than hear such a speech! As for training horses, there's no one like the Germans; the best trainers, they are, for horses to dance, or to go at liberty, or any other sort of work. Germans seem to have more patience. But when the horses are once broke, and it comes to showing them, there's no one like an Englishman or an American. The Germans are too slummocky. The Englishman goes into the ring with his head up, and puts the horse through his work; but the German goes round after the horse as though he was carrying a load of wood."

"How did you come to know so much of all the kings and emperors?" I presently ask.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Mr. Myers, "for it's rather a strange story. I had my circus over in France, and had got to about forty miles from Paris, when I heard there was to be a fete at a place which I call St. Cloud. I though this was a good chance for me; so, after the performance and supper, I started off with my secretary, driving a pair of horses, and reached St. Cloud about five o'clock in the morning. A real nice place it was for a circus, too; but I couldn't put up my tents without permission, and so I looked round to see who was about. Well, there was a stout, Irish gentleman coming along the road where I'd pulled up.

"'Ask him if he knows where we ought to apply,' I said to my friend; he could speak French, and I couldn't.'

"'I can speak English,' the gentleman said. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Well, sir,' I answered, 'I've got a circus and want to give a show here if I can get permission.'

"'I think that will be possible,' the gentleman said. 'Surely that's an American-built carriage,' he went on; 'are the horses American, too?'

"'Yes, sir,' I told him, 'and rare good trotters. They've come nearly forty miles, but they're not done yet, as you shall see if you care about it.'

"'Thank you, sir,' says he. 'I'm very much interested in horses,' and he jumped up and sat by my side while I sent them along. When he got down he gave me a card with something written on it, and told me where to take it, and he thought they'd give me leave, and so they did. We pitched in a beautiful place, and when the people were coming in I saw the gentleman standing among a group of officers. 'There's the gentleman that got me permission. I'll go and thank him. Perhaps he'd like to see the performance,' I said.

"But the sentry shook his head and wouldn't let me pass.

"'I want to go and speak to that gentleman,' I told him. 'He was very kind to me, and I've got something to say to him.'

"Perhaps he didn't understand, but another gentleman standing by says: 'You must not go there, sir.'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Why, it's the Emperor.'

"So it was, too, and I'd given him a ride, and been talking to him quite familiarly. But he saw me, and came to the circus, too, and gave me permission to play when I liked in Paris. I'm the only man that ever had leave to put up tents inside the walls of Paris. I often saw him after that, and he gave me a letter to King Victor Emmanuel, who was always very good to me. I've given a performance in the old Roman Amphitheatre, and there must have been 70,000 or 80,000 people there."

This, and very much more, Mr. Myers relates in his own peculiarly graphic style as we stroll about the building. The best circus-rider he knows is, he says, Robinson, now in America, but Mr. Watson comes near to him, and so far as I, an enthusiastic amateur of circuses can judge, some of Mr. Watson's feats are not to be surpassed for grace, dexterity, agility, and perfect ease. His trick of seating himself on a horse going at full speed without touching the animal with his hands, is one of the most remarkable things ever seen in a circus. In fact, the very best of everything, and nothing but the very best, is to be seen at Mr. Myers'. "It don't pay to keep second-raters," he says, and how he acts up to the principle is obvious. Driving twenty in hand round the sharp corners into the hippodrome is a sufficiently difficult feat, but besides the twenty there is actually a team of forty, to say nothing of twenty ponies. Herr Bienow not only trains, but—an exception among his countrymen—shows off his horses to perfection. One most admirable feature about the circus is that *kindness* to the horses seems to be the rule. The proprietor declares that the more he sees of horses the more intelligent he finds them; and the manner in which Mr. Cooper has trained his elephants and lions is marvelous. The former huge creatures waltz about in pairs, stand on their heads with startling agility, and seem to understand every motion of their master's hand.

"But notice how Cooper comes out of the lions' den," says a friend who is with me. "He slips out very quickly, and there's one lion that always jumps after him as if it regretted having missed its opportunity of having man for supper."

So, surely enough, the lion does, with what seems like an angry snarl; but on asking Mr. Cooper whether the lion is anxious to eat him, he smiles quietly at the notion.

"Only a little trick I taught him," he exclaims. "I always have one to do that, and if you notice you'll see he doesn't jump at the door, but a little above it. There's another in the cage that has been taught to do it."

How this courageous man gives his cue to the lion that is to jump, and makes the other understand that he is to be quiet, are some among the many mysteries of Myers' Hippodrome.

RAPIER,

in London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

ROMAN GLADIATORS.

Gladiatorial contests appear to have possessed a peculiar fascination for the old Romans. Under the emperors, at least, it may be safely assumed that the Coliseum did a more profitable business than all the other places of amusement then open in Rome combined. With all that was brutal about these contests, there was still much to admire. The splendid physical development of the men; the courage with which they faced death; the skill and daring with which they fought—these things compelled a certain sort of admiration. Our engraving represents two gladiators in a desperate struggle with short daggers. They are fighting for a life stake, although life to the gladiator could not have seemed a very precious thing. It was held of so small account that its fate was determined by the turning down of the spectators' thumbs. If moved to pity, they took this means of signifying that they desired the life of a gallant foe to be spared. Gladiatorial contests were first given at funerals—a species of entertainment which must have proved particularly edifying to the mourners. In Rome's most riotous days the Coliseum was crowded day after day, and young ladies of noble blood no doubt laid wagers of sandals and things on the life or death of some favorite athlete. In one respect only did the gladiators enjoy an advantage over the professional performers of modern times—there were no rehearsals. Had there been, it is pretty certain there would have been no performance, for even a gladiator could not be killed at a morning rehearsal and appear at a matinee.

ATHLETIC.

THE ASTLEY BELT CONTEST.

Sketches of the Competitors—Articles of Agreement.

The trifling obstacles which caused delay in the ratification of the articles of agreement for the third contest for the championship of the world, at any gait, have been cleared away, and long before these words are read by the public a competition which promises to be by far the most exciting of the kind ever waged in this country will be in progress at Gilmore's Garden. Geo. W. Atkinson of *The Sporting Life*, representative of Sir John Astley, arrived in New York on Tuesday evening, March 4, on the steamer Bothnia, and on the following day a conference was held by those interested, which resulted in an agreement in regard to the manner of dividing the receipts, and in increasing the original number of judges to eleven by adding to the five representatives of the sporting press provided for one member of each of the six athletic clubs which have consented to officiate as scorers. The amended document, which was signed at the St. James Hotel on the evening of the 5th, is herewith presented:

Memorandum of agreement made and entered into this 5th day of March, 1879, between Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, Ill., and Charles A. Harriman of Boston, Mass., party of the second part. Witnesseth that, whereas the party of the first part is now the holder of the long-distance champion belt of the world, won by him at Agricultural Hall, London, in March, 1878, and whereas the party of the second part have duly challenged him to a pedestrian sweepstakes, therefore pursuant to the conditions upon which the said belt is held, they, therefore, have agreed and hereby agree to compete for the said championship belt won by the party of the first part in London in March last, and whereas the sum of £100 sterling, or $500 in gold, has been deposited in the hands of the editor of *The Sporting Life*. The match to take place at Gilmore's Garden, in the City of New York, and is to commence at one o'clock P. M. on Saturday, March 15, 1879 (143 hours), the party covering the greatest distance during that time either by running or walking without assistance to be declared the winner. The match to be run under the same conditions as that at which the said belt was won by the party of the first part, and the belt is to be held by the winner on the same terms and conditions on which it is now held. The match to be under the auspices of the athletic clubs in and about the city of New York, and a representative from each of the under-mentioned sporting papers—*The Spirit of the Times*, *New York Clipper*, *Turf, Field and Farm*, *New York Sportsman* and *The London Sporting Life*, who are empowered to act as judges in conjunction with one member of each of the six athletic clubs in the city of New York, appointed to act as referee in all matters of dispute or appeals on questions not provided for by these conditions to be referred to the trustees of the belt, whose decision in all cases shall be final. The gate-receipts, after all expenses are paid, to be divided as follows:

If only one man completes 450 miles or more, the whole of the gate-receipts (less expenses) to be paid over to him; if two competitors complete 450 miles or more, the winner to receive three-fourths of the receipts, and the second man one-fourth; if three men go 450 miles or more, the winner to receive one half, the second man thirty per cent., and the third man the balance of the gate-receipts; if four men go 450 miles or more, the winner to receive one-half, the second twenty-five per cent., the third fifteen per cent., and the fourth ten per cent. of the gate-receipts.

The track to be surveyed by a competent authority in the presence of the judges appointed. The measurement to be made eighteen inches from the inside border-frame, which is to be white and higher than the track.

Either party failing to comply with any of these articles to forfeit all money deposited.

DANIEL O'LEARY,
JOHN ENNIS.
C. A. HARRIMAN.

Witness—WILLIAM R. CURTIS. CHARLES ROWELL.

THE CONTESTANTS.

DANIEL O'LEARY was born at Clanakility, near Cork, Ireland, June 29, 1846, and came to the States when he was seventeen years of age, making a home in the West. From his youth he was partial to walking exercise; but we did not hear of him as a public performer until the year 1874, when, after having made one or two exhibition trials over a distance with satisfactory results, he on Nov. 14 undertook, for a bet of $100, to walk 50 miles in 8 hours 45 minutes at the West-side Rink, Chicago, Ill. He failed, but made 48 1-8 miles in the time stated. Negotiations for a match with E. P. Weston fizzling of success, O'Leary in the Spring of 1875 accepted a proposal made by Wilson Reid of this city, who offered to take a quarter of a mile in twenty from Daniel, and walk for $500 a side. The contest took place at the Hippodrome (now Gilmore's Garden) March 20. Reid had walked off his time, only going fifteen miles and a-half, O'Leary completing the distance in 3h. 24m. 15s., having finished ten miles in 1h. 35m. 5s. Shortly after this he made a match with John DeWitt of Auburn, N. Y., to whom he conceded ten miles in a 24-hour contest at the American Institute April 9, 10. The New-Yorker had enough of it after traveling less than sixty miles in 20h. 53m. 21s. O'Leary finished on 110 hundred miles in 23h. 36m. 18s. Soon after this O'Leary went to Philadelphia, where on April 23-24 he gave an exhibition, attempting to beat 115 miles in 24 hours. He was reported to have walked 116 miles in 23h. 12m. 53⅘s., one hundred miles being done in 19h. 27m. 25s., and fifty miles in 9h. 24m. 13s. The walk took place at the Chestnut-street Skating Rink. Returning to Chicago, he undertook to walk 500 miles in six days and a half, or 156 hours, commencing May 16 and ending May 23. The West-side Rink was damp and chilly, and the track at starting heavy; but, although he took a bad cold the first day, and didn't completely recover from it throughout the week, he succeeded in accomplishing his task, and had about three hours to spare. On July 2 following he began an attempt to walk one hundred and fifty miles in 32 hours, but retired after doing 131¼ miles in 31h. 15m. His next public appearance was at the same place Oct. 16, same year, when he gave John Ennis ten miles in one hundred and beat him, walking fifty miles in 8h. 32m. 18s., and the full distance in 18h. 53m. 48s. Renewed efforts were subsequently made to effect a match with Weston, a gentleman residing in Chicago offering to back O'Leary for $25,000. The Eastern pedestrian could not be prevailed upon to put up any money, however, but he was induced to give an exhibition in conjunction with O'Leary by an offer of $800 down and a share of the receipts. They walked six days at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Nov. 15 to 20, 1875, and O'Leary won, walking over 503 miles, more than fifty-one ahead of Weston. Not long after this victory O'Leary took a professional trip westward, giving exhibition-walks in St. Louis, San Francisco and other cities, which proved generally profitable. In the meantime the astute, far-seeing Weston, finding that his star had been eclipsed in his native country, and thinking he saw money awaiting him beyond the ocean, had gone to England, and the reports of the furor which his pedestrian performances in London and elsewhere had created, and the success he had met with, induced O'Leary (who had some time before failed to get on a match with Wm. Perkins, the English champion) to follow his example. Before venturing across the ocean a second time, however, Daniel walked a six-day exhibition at the American Institute Building, this city, Aug. 7 to 12, 1876, when he was stated to have accomplished 500 miles in 143h. 17m. 35s. Aug. 28 following he was entertained at a banquet at the Union-square Hotel, this city, and on the following evening presented with an elegant gold medal by his friends in the First and Seventh Wards. Shortly afterwards he sailed for England. Arriving in Liverpool, Sam Hague, the American minstrel manager, obtained an opening for him to exhibit his pedestrian abilities at Toxteth Park, in an attempt to excel Weston's alleged performance at the same place—500¼ miles in six days. He began Oct. 16, and fourteen minutes before time was up on the 21st the total number of miles scored for him was 502. He then made a match with Peter Crossland to walk three hundred miles for £300, and the contest took place at Pomona Gardens, Manchester, Nov. 20, 23. Crossland gave up after walking 248 miles 1 lap, and O'Leary was not required to finish; he walked 264 miles 1 lap in 3d. 2h. 12m. 31s. O'Leary was next matched with Wm. Howes, same distance, for £300, and this time the American met with defeat, he stopping after going 309 miles and one lap, Howes having then completed 341 miles, to which he added five laps before retiring. They walked at the Victoria Skating Rink, London, Dec. 26 to 29, 1876, and O'Leary's failure was due to the weakening effects of an attack of diarrhœa; but his fair style of getting over the ground impressed the Londoners most favorably. The efforts persistently made by O'Leary to secure a match with his old opponent Weston (who had charged that he had not an equal chance to win in Chicago) were finally successful, articles being signed Jan. 3, 1877, whereby they agreed to walk six days for £500 a side, the winner to also receive two-thirds of the gate-money, and the loser the balance. Before the date set for this match O'Leary walked a second time against P. Crossland, 300 miles, £200, at the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, Feb. 28 to March 3, when he was defeated, retiring after walking 267 miles 7 laps; Crossland stopped after covering 287 miles in 69h. 22m. 22s. The great match with Weston was decided at Agricultural Hall, London, April 2 to 7, 1877, and resulted in a performance which remains unequaled, O'Leary winning by walking 519¾ miles 265 yards in 141h. 6m. 10s., Weston being nearly 143h. walking his total of 510 miles. In this match O'Leary was backed by Sam Hague, and Weston by Sir J. D. Astley. On April 25, following, O'Leary was banqueted by friends at Westminister Palace Hotel, London, previous to afterwards left for home, arriving here May 23. July 2 to 7, same year, he attempted to beat his London performance at the American Institute, this city; but inferior condition and lack of encouragement combined to cause a failure, he retiring after walking 471¼ miles. Repeated challenges from John Ennis, and the passage of some sharply-worded letters between them, led to the making of a match with O'Leary, the distance being one hundred miles, and the amount $500 a side. The contest came off in the Exposition Building, Chicago, Nov. 26, 1877, when O'Leary won, walking fifty miles in 8h. 41m. 30s., and the full distance in 19h. 10m. 40s., Ennis giving up after walking 54 miles in 17h. 48m. 53s. On Jan. 28, 1878, O'Leary began an exhibition walk of four hundred miles in 125 hours at the Highland House, Cincinnati, O., and completed the task in 123h. 15m. 40s. Feb. 16 following he sailed for England, in company with Al. Smith of Chicago, having been entered for a six days' tournament projected by Sir J. D. Astley, who offered a champion challenge-belt worth £500 and a number of valuable money prizes, the contestants to either run or walk. The contest took place at Agricultural Hall, March 16 to 23, and O'Leary won, accomplishing 520¼ miles in 139h. 6m. 10s., defeating H. Vaughan, Blower Brown, G. Ide, W. Lewis, G. Hazael, J. McLeavy, W. H. Smythe and other noted walkers and runners. Weston, Vaughan, Howes, Brown and Gale announced their desire to walk a match or sweepstakes for the belt, and O'Leary promised to accommodate anybody who would agree to walk in Chicago, but he claimed the right to have the contest take place. The question as to whether the winner could claim this privilege was referred to the donor of the belt and prizes, who decided in favor of O'Leary; and the latter, after visiting his native land, where he was enthusiastically received and feted, set sail for the States. He arrived here May 15 last, and on July 19 a contest in which O'Leary was to walk 275 miles in less time than H. Schmehl (with whom he had some dealings in San Francisco once) walked 250 miles was finished at Chicago, Schmehl winning by an hour. We next hear of the champion at Boston, Mass., where he undertook Aug. 12 to 17 to walk 400 miles in 122 hours at Music Hall, and was credited with doing it in 121h. 33m. From there he went to Providence, R. I., where he on Sept. 7 finished a walk of 275 miles in 75 hours at Music Hall, having 40m. to spare. Sept. 30–Oct. 5 he defeated John Hughes in a match for the Astley belt and $1,000, 142h., run or walk, at Gilmore's Garden; O'Leary covered 403 miles, and Hughes but 310. Nov. 6, he participated in a fifty-mile contest at the Exposition Building, Chicago, the proceeds of which were to be divided at Agricultural Hall, London, April 1, 1878

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business adopted by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, March 10.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lottie (2)
"A. H.," Miss
Asurus, Mlle.
Arlington, Ella
Adams, Clara
Atkinson, Maude (of Amy Stone's Co.)
Benson, Jennie
Buningham, Fannie
Louise (2)
Bradden, Annie
Brooks, Mrs. Kate
Bayliss, Mrs. L. (2)
Burton, Grace (vocalist)
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia F.
Bennett, Louise (of Fisk's Co.)
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Burnett, Ada (vocalist)
Boyd, Nellie
Brevoort, Kate
Bliss, Mattie (of Volkes' Garden, N. Y.)
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Cox, Anna (of Mc. Cullough's Co.) (2)
Carey, Eleanor (late of Australia)
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Chase, Florence (2)
Chanfrau's Co., Manager Mrs.
Cushman, Cora (vocalist)
Coleman, Alice (of Coleman Sisters)
Dan Voyert, Fannie (2)
D'Este, Helen
Daly, Lizzie
Dunn, Mrs. Harris
Ducelice, Mad. Latour
Denier, Mattie (2)
DeGranville, Millie
D'Ormer, Madam
Ducton, Nixon
Dreher, Mad. (late of St. Louis, Mo.)
DeAlva, Lillie
Dixon, Blanche
Dunbar, Minnie
Earle, Hattie (of Emmet's Co.)
Emmons, Ella
Fox, Nellie
Fallon, May
Francis, Fannie (of Robson & Crane's Co.)
Fisk, May (3)
Foster, Minnie (of Lizzie Tom Co.)
Fanon, Josie
Fulton, May
For Sisters' Co., Manager
Farren, Josie
Fenderson, Juliet
Forrest, Capitola
Gray, Maggie
Garland, Grace (3)
Gill, Mrs. W. B.
Gibbons, Jennie
Gilday, Mrs. Fannie
Hindes, Mrs. Josephine
Hall, Grace (of Rogers Co.)
Hyers' Sister's Co., Manager
Inmes, Ada
Irwin, Florence (of Fastor's Co.)
Knight, Fannie (of Howorth's Hib.)
Kimball, Jennie
Love Sisters, The
Leigh, Lyle (child-dancer)
LaMonte, Allie
Leland, Rose song-and-dance) (2)
Lamont, Jessie
Leonard, Miss (late of Tooker's Variet.)
Lee, Minnie
LeClair, Laura
Lucille, Fannie 25c.
Lavarnie, Carrie
Livingston, Julia
Lynn, Lottie
Leigh, Georgina (care Mr. Leavitt)
Mitchell, Maggie (2)
Mitchell, Mrs.
Nichols, Maggie
Nelson, Miss (p. o. m London, Eng.)
Naylor, Hattie (child-actress)
Norton, Nellie
Osborne, Irene
Pascoe, Marie
Pendy, Mrs. J.
Parker, Susie
Peters, LeEtta
Raymond, Nellie
Rae, Ali. Lottie
Rainford, Lou
Robinson, Julia A.
Rogers' Co. Manager Gecsevieve (3)
Richmond, Adah
Rothchild, Jennie
Raffath
Richmond, Adah
Reynolds, Fannie
Smith, Allie
Shanley, Josephine
Saunders, Mrs. Amalie
Siddons, Ida (3)
Sutherland, Agnes (vocalist)
Stuart, Alice (of Stuart Sisters)
Shaw, Dora
Somers, Alice
Stanford, Mrs. Nellie
Steele, Sallie
Wildman, Mrs Clara
Waidro, Lizzie
Williams, Mollie (of Boyiston Museum)
Walters, Lillie
Webster, Lizzie

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Abbott, J. W. (manager)
Allen, Wm. (of Georgia Minst.)
Admiral Dot
Allen, W.
Aiken, F. E. (3)
Ainsley, Wm (song-and-dance)
Adams, Geo. H.
Blanchard, Harry
Brazzier, L. P.
Beard, J. (musician)
Rinsham, J. H.
Batcheller & Doris
Barr, A. L.
Bayliss, Mrs. L. (2
Burton, Grace (vocalist)
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia F.
Bennett, Louise (of Fisk's Co.)
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Burnett, Ada (vocalist)
Boyd, Nellie
Brevoort, Kate
Bliss, Mattie (of Volkes' Garden, N. Y.)
Bushop, J. H.
Burnham, Chas. (Manager-manager)
Bryant's Louisiana Minstrels
Bride & Co., J.
Black, Harry
Chase & Melnesse
Cunningham, A.
Coon, C. S.
Carter, J. H. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Crosby, Will
Cook, Woods
Campello, Mons.
Clark, D. W.
Crawford, J. W.
Chasin, C.
Carter, MasterJas.
Crabtree, Lotta (3)
Chase, Florence (2)
Chanfrau's Co., Manager Mrs.
Cushman, Cora (vocalist)
Coleman, Alice (of Coleman Sisters)
Dan Voyert, Fannie (2)
D'Este, Helen
Daly, Lizzie
Dunn, Mrs. Harris
Ducelice, Mad. Latour
Denier, Mattie (2)
Denelle, Dan (manager)
DeGranville, Millie
D'Ormer, Madam
Dreher, Mad. (late of St. Louis, Mo.)
DeAlva, Lillie
Dixon, Blanche
Dunbar, Minnie
Earle, Hattie (of Emmet's Co.)
Emmons, Ella
Fox, Nellie
Fallon, May
Francis, Fannie (of Robson & Crane's Co.)
Fisk, May (3)
Foster, Minnie (of Lizzie Tom Co.)
Fanon, Josie
Fulton, May
For Sisters' Co., Manager
Farren, Josie
Fenderson, Juliet
Forrest, Capitola
Gray, Maggie
Garland, Grace (3)
Gill, Mrs. W. B.
Gibbons, Jennie
Gilday, Mrs. Fannie
Hindes, Mrs. Josephine
Hall, Grace (of Rogers Co.)
Hyers' Sister's Co., Manager
Inmes, Ada
Irwin, Florence (of Fastor's Co.)
Knight, Fannie (of Howorth's Hib.)
Kimball, Jennie
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Mitchell, Mrs.
Nichols, Maggie
Nelson, Miss (p. o. m London, Eng.)
Naylor, Hattie (child-actress)
Norton, Nellie
Osborne, Irene
Pascoe, Marie
Pendy, Mrs. J.
Parker, Susie
Peters, LeEtta
Raymond, Nellie
Rae, Ali. Lottie
Rainford, Lou
Robinson, Julia A.
Rogers' Co. Manager Gecsevieve (3)
Richmond, Adah
Rothchild, Jennie
Raffath
Richmond, Adah
Reynolds, Fannie
Smith, Allie
Shanley, Josephine
Saunders, Mrs. Amalie
Siddons, Ida (3)
Sutherland, Agnes (vocalist)
Stuart, Alice (of Stuart Sisters)
Shaw, Dora
Somers, Alice
Stanford, Mrs. Nellie
Steele, Sallie
Wildman, Mrs Clara
Waidro, Lizzie
Williams, Mollie (of Boyiston Museum)
Walters, Lillie
Webster, Lizzie
Montague, Louis
Madigan, B. H.
Murphy (of Murphy & Morton)
Newell, Major (of Tomcumb's Co.)
Nunn, Fred
Newton, C. E.
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Nevara, Prof.
Nunnemacher, J.
New Orleans Minstrels, Manager
Owen, W. (of Herbert's Co.)
O'Leary, Daniel
Osmond, Jas. B.
Owen, Walter
Oughton, W. A.
O'Brien, John (circus prop.)
Perkins, Fred
Palmer & Co's Black Crook, Manager
Primrose, Geo.
Perkins, Jas.
Pare, Chas.
Pastor, Louis
Plaisted, F. A.
Quilins, W. W. (gymnast)
Richards, Geo. (Brazzier) (2)
Rogers, Harry
Rowe, Mortimer, Son (clog-makers)
Ronaldo, Wm.
Ring, Geo. R.
Mooney, J.
Reilly, John (Irish "bit")
Rowley, Jas. D.
Rose, Mr. (Cooper & Bailey's Circus)
Rice's Evangeline Co., Manager
Rowland, Wm (musician)
Ryan, Jas. M.
Roltair, H. (magician)
Redmond, Joe
Reynolds, Barney (3) Sc.
Riley, Jacob
Rhodes, Dan'l
Ross, D. C.
Rooinson, J. S. (of Forepaugh's Co.)
Runnells, Bonnie
Retlaw & Alton
Rose, G. W.
Sefton & Barnes
Searles & Zeonetti
Seldon, J. (of Sefton & Burns)
Sanford, J. L.
Shirley, Harry (musician)
Sheridan, J. F.
Sperra, B. F.
Sheldon, W. P.
Shannessone, C. H.
Seeley, Chas.
Smith, E. (of Smith & Byrne)
Sheppard, Patsey
Sparks, Joe
Smith & Byrne
Spaulding, W. P.
Smith, Sidney
Stephenson, Mr. (of Claxton's Co.)
Swain, S. C. (3)
Sullivan & Kearney
Scansbury, C. F.
Stewart, Everard (3).
Stinehope, Wm.
Santom, W (of Fullman's Show)
Scott, Walter
Shay, Wm. (actor)
Seymour, O. T.
Saville, J. (of Saville Bros.' Co.)
Sprague, Z. W.
Siaving, J. H.
Sanyeahs, Saml. A
Smith, J. C.
Stevens, Dan
Sickney, St.
Turner & Collins
Trimble, W. H.
Thomas, Chas. M. (musician)
Thompson, Denman (3)
Tilton, R. (of Celebrated Case Co.)
Tinkham, E. A.
Taylor Bros.
Taylor, John E.
Tryville, Walter
Tannehill, F. A.
Townsend, M. L.
Thorne, J. H. (of Thorne & Co.)
Tudor, John
Turned, Ned
Wood, Jr., Willie
White, York (Florence's agent)
Wood, J. H.
Williams, H. A. B. (3)
Watson & Ellis
Way, Charlie
Waldron, Dan (of Waldron & Mack)
Welch, J. M. (Zouave-drillist)
Waley, Chas. (of Waley & Bates)
Waters, T. (of Waters & Kelly)
White, Nick (of Cole's Circus)
Williams, Gus
Weidin, Dick
Williams, Tony
Weller, Jerome (circus-agent)
Williams, Ned (of Lester & Williams)
Weaver, Jack
Wells, Harry C.
"Young Hercules"

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Chas. Brady, Hollibaugh & Terry, Fred. McEvoy, Emma Way, Manager Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Messrs. Ward & Keeler, Chas. F. Adams, Jessie N. L. J. Hay and Helen Gilaney.

THE FOLLOWING professionals are in the Richmond (Va.) Post-office: John Thompson, Dramatic Co., and R. H. Nicholls, of Hoffman's Opera Troupe.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 10, '79.

"The Pinafore" epidemic continues, although in a modified form, the virulence of the first attacks having somewhat exhausted its potent forces, leaving the disease shorn of the great power which marked its early progress. It is now more susceptible to medical treatment, and its effects are less fatal than they were in the early stage of its appearance among us. The patient, after careful nursing, instead of giving way to the craving for an expression of sympathy for the sufferings of Josephine and Rackstraw, as formerly was the case, simmers down to an interest in behalf of dear little Buttercup, and finds a level in the lower depths when the captain and the crew's solo and chorus of "What! Never!" have been reached. Convalescents evince a consciousness of shame and mortification that they should have permitted themselves to be caught in such a trap, and threaten instant death to each and every person detected in the crime of giving voice to any of those musical exudences which have so effectually assisted in fastening the epidemic upon us. These remarks, you will observe, are made in a purely medical sense, "for such are we doctors." To speak in seafaring language, we may say that the good ship "Pinafore," after sailing in pleasant waters, and with favorable winds alow and aloft, is now getting into more boisterous seas; fierce storms are beginning to beset her from stem to stern; her canvas is rent from jib to skysail; the cook's galley has been battened down, and the lee-scuppers are full of hostile water. One by one her officers and crew are being washed overboard like loads of ungovernable sand, and the wily cabin-boy is no longer able to stand upon the deck of this craft. Oh, it's tight papers for "The Pinafore," for the language of the sailor-boy's dream, the passengers spring from their hammocks and rush upon deck, only to see the masts fly in splinters, and the shrouds all afire. O "Pinafore!" "Pinafore!" never again shall home, friends or kindred thy wishes repay; but, deep in the fathomless depths of the sea, thou shalt sleep there forever, with the white foam of water thy winding-sheet, and the screech of the night-hawk thy funeral-dirge." [This little bit of rhetoric will make a nice study for those persons who have been led astray through the conspiracy of Gilbert and Sullivan. You have probably in the long-ago listened to the recitation of "The Sailor-boy's Dream" by some dramatic tyro, and can the more fully understand and enjoy the faithful picture we have here presented of the probable end of "The Pinafore," with all on board.—ED.] What we have ever done to incur the wrath of Gilbert and Sullivan we cannot conceive; neither can we understand why they should send their red-handed craft into these unruffled waters, carrying death and destruction into so many happy homes and heretofore peaceful households, and creating a feeling of discord that we never knew before. Oh! it is terrible! Men are found dead in our most frequented thoroughfares. Verdict—Death from an overdose of "Pinafore." Schoolgirls are found missing—eloped with one of the crew of "The Pinafore." Happily, these things must have an end, and we are now nearing a haven of refuge and rest. Some weeks ago we called attention to a machine which the boy Jim claimed to have invented, and which, he asserted, would turn out poetry in any desired quantity. In order to test this singular contrivance, we gave James our promise to print whatever his machine might produce. The boy accordingly set to work, and by vigorously turning the crank brought forth what follows. It should be explained, perhaps, that the machine, during this trial, was fed on old programmes of "Pinafore," and hence these

PINAFORE RHYMES.

(First turn.)
There was an old fellow in Winapore,
He never committed a sin afore,
But he tuck'er disease
That is borne on the breeze,
And now he sings Tucker in "Pinafore."

(Second turn.)
There was a distinguished exhorter,
The disease came along and he caught 'er;
So he coughed more to shoot,
And he stepped down and out,
And now he is playing Sir Porter.

(Third turn.)
A divinity student of lax law
The disease ran across and facts saw,
"A pin, now," cried he,
"For the rank of D D.—
I shall study hereafter for Rackstraw!"

(Fourth turn.)
A respectable woman it cut her no,
And nothing thereafter could shut her up,
For she went raving wild,
Shrook her young child,
And transformed herself into a Buttercup.

(Fifth turn.)
A man who lived out in Lower
Got a "Pinafore" crew for to show'er,
Supported him there,
But the folks thereabout
Laid the cruel cuss out—
So he'll launch "Pinafores" no mower!

(Sixth turn.)

* (We stopped the machine at this point. James said it wasn't half run out, but we assured him that we were satisfied—more than satisfied.—ED.)

.....Brother Talmage has lost a good opportunity for enlarging the usefulness and attractiveness of his exhibitions. A few days ago, in a neighboring province [province is good, and refers to Philadelphia], the painting of "London by Night," covering twenty thousand square feet of canvas, and said to have cost $70,000! was sold at "public vendue" for $55! This is the lost opportunity, and this extensive painting of "London by Night" Brother Talmage could have illustrated the "Dark Side of New York" with telling effect, for the paltry sum of fifty-five dollars. Such a chance will never again be offered him.....In the absence of the *regular* circus which is "Our Jim's" first choice—we took the lad a-walking to see the shipping along the East river front. Soon we saw a large assemblage of persons who were admiring the beautiful lines of a sharp-cut clipper ship. Her figure-head was an exquisite model of the female form divine, and in graceful curves ran the legend: "Belle of the West." James took in the girl, as he called it, and then in a loud, melodious voice, spelled out the legend; but we regret to be compelled to admit that he pronounced it in an entirely different manner, much to our mortification and humiliation. And now the boy is studying the hard words of a pronouncing dictionary, but cannot be made to realize that belle should be sounded as a bell. Says he: "What do they tack an e onto the end of it, if they don't want it made use of?".....And talking about studying, we may merit the thanks of our readers for informing them that by the time the San Francisco Minstrels they may study "*French* without a master," and all for the one price of admission. [Solution: French is the name of a well-known banjo-player, and his remarkable execution upon that instrument places him in the front row of banjo-ers, since he is "equaled by few and excelled by none"—hence, "French without a master."—ED.].....The myrmidons have succeeded in hounding the Philadelphia Fox to death. He can console himself with the reflection that March isn't much of a month to be out of doors, anyhow!..... A well-informed correspondent informs us that when they want to please the scene-painter at De Bar's Theatre, St. Louis, the gang get together and sing the opening line of "List to the Mocking-bird," viz., "I'm dreaming now of Halley." The well-informed one has omitted to state whether the artist furnishes the beer, or otherwise.—ED.].....The rumor that Wade Hampton has been negotiating for one of Barnum's *educated* mules is not credited in literary or circus circles. It should not be forgotten that the *last* mule that weighed Hampton found him wanting a little more heft when he got through with him. Hence it is improbable that the Governor wishes to have anything more to do with mules, be they educated or uneducated.....What new trouble has John T. Raymond got into now? We have always looked upon the genial John as an ornament to society, and much after the style of Mrs. Cæsar that was—above suspicion; but now we are told that the public will soon see him with Mrs. Chaina." [We do not, in this connection, desire to harrow the feelings of Mrs. Raymond, nor to grieve his friends by such malicious reports, as might be done if we did we fail to explain this clever bon-mot, as it were. Mr. Raymond is not a malefactor, nor has he committed any crime that would warrant the authorities in placing him "In Bondage." No; when we say that he will soon appear "In Chains," we mean that he is to perform in a new play so called.—ED.].....Much anxiety has been felt at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of some of our old favorites, such as "My Grandfather's Clock," "The Sweet By-and-bye," etc., and various theories regarding their untimely taking-off have been formed, but all to no purpose. It remains for us to lift the veil, and disclose to a wondering world a sad story of

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CITY SUMMARY.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, after a retirement of two years from the dramatic-agency business, has concluded to resume operations in that line once more, and to that end has entered into copartnership with Morris Simmonds for two years. They will commence business together on May 1, 1879, and have secured large and commodious quarters (consisting of four rooms) on the west side of Broadway, near Seventeenth street. Both gentlemen are well known to managers and artists in America, Mr. Simmonds having been in the dramatic-agency business about fourteen years, while Col. Brown conducted an agency for seven years, and only relinquished it on account of failing eyesight. We wish the new firm every success in their new associated venture.

NEARLY THIRTEEN YEARS have elapsed since the spectacular drama of "The Black Crook" was originally acted in Niblo's Garden; and although it has since been several times revived, and has drawn large audiences, its manifold attractions have not pallied upon the public appetite, as was evinced by the surging crowd of people who struggled for admission into that theatre on the night of Wednesday, March 5, when its latest reproduction took place, under the supervision of the Kiralfy Brothers. The mounting was quite creditable, the scenery, although portions of it had been used elsewhere, being new to this locality, and much of it had been freshly painted. The opening scene, representing a village, with a view of Castle Wolfenstein, the closing scene of the first act—a glen of the Brocken, with a cascade of real water—and the grand staircase of an illuminated terrace, in the third act, all from the pencil of Harley Merry, are beautiful and artistic. This artist also furnished many of the minor scenes. The Grotto of Stalacta had been painted in San Francisco, Cal., by William Voegtlin, and was such an excellent exhibition of that artist's skill in the manipulation of bright and warm colors that the Kiralfy Brothers, at no slight expense, caused it to be transported hither. The Palace of Lace, from the pencil of Ed. Simmons, displays skill in architectural drawing, and the happy effects in the perspective, realising a view seen through lace-curtains, was delicately handled. The transformation-scene, "The Enchanted Home of the Fairies," painted by H. Tryon, deserves warm praise, being bright in color and pleasing in effect; and Mr. Thompson is to be credited with conscientious work upon several interior scenes. As the ballet-dancing and Amason-march had been thoroughly rehearsed under the immediate direction of Imre and Bolossy Kiralfy, professional dancers of high repute, better precision in time and more grace in movement and in posing were noticeable than have generally been wont to be exhibited under similar circumstances. Mlle. Venanfanti did not appear, but Miles. De Rosa and Paglieri kept faith with the management. The remarkable agility exhibited by De Rosa, combined with her grace of action, skillful toe-dancing, and surprising *tours de force*, captivated the entire front. Soon we saw a large assemblage of persons who were admiring the beautiful lines of a sharp-cut clipper ship. Her figure-head was an exquisite model of the female form divine, and in graceful curves ran the legend: "Belle of the West." 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ELKS' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—This organization, located in New York, is a co-operative branch of that most excellent association the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, and is intended for the mutual benefit of its members, and to relieve the necessities of the families of those members who are removed by death. It was organized in December last, and is now in operation. The following is a list of the officers of the Association, and with it is given a summary of the objects to be attained:

Officers: Henry P. O'Neil, president; Henry S. Sanderson, vice-president; Adolph E. Georgi, treasurer; Joseph F. Warner, secretary; directors—Henry P. O'Neil, E. S. Marvin, J. E. Finlay, M. Silberberg, Jacob A. Hatzel, Wm. D. Smith, Edward C. Chamberlin, Col. T. Allston Brown, E. G. Browne, Hugh P. O'Neil, Adolph E. Georgi, Frank Abbott, Henry S. Sanderson, Antonio Pastor, Joseph F. Warner.

The object of the Association is to secure, within sixty days after the death of any member, the payment to his legal heirs or representatives, or the person named by him as the beneficiary, of as many dollars in cash as there are members at the time of his death.

It is an association of Devout Elders of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, joined or clubbed together for mutual benefit—terms upon which in accordance with equity and fairness than are offered by any other system of relief or plan of life-insurance. Its officers serve without compensation, and the entire payments for membership fees, after defraying incidental expenses such as printing, stationery, postage, etc., are used for the benefit of the families of the Association. It thus furnishes all the advantages of life-insurance without the ordinary expense thereof. The membership fee is $1 per capita, and in case of regular standing of some lodge of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, and must give satisfactory evidence that his health is good. The membership fees are $2 for persons from 21 to 35 years of age, $3 for persons between 35 and 45 years, and $4 for persons between 45 and 55 years.

There are no annual dues required by this Association. The death-assessment is $1.50, to be paid within forty days after due notice of a death, out of the funds in the hands of the beneficiary by the Association, and ten cents deducting the expenses of collecting, etc. Failure to pay death-assessment within a reasonable time forfeits membership.

This Association not only enables the poorest Devout Elder to make some provision for the comfort of his family after death shall have stricken him from the roll of membership, but he can receive its benefits while living. There is hardly a member of the Order who would not prefer during life to make some provisions for those dependent upon him, rather than to rely upon the charitable aid of his brethren.

Forms of application for membership and copies of the by-laws are in possession of the secretary of each lodge throughout the United States, who will furnish them to any Devout Elder without charge.

Applications should be addressed to the secretary, Nos. 90 and 92 Bowery, New York City.

BUSINESS continued excellent at Tony Pastor's Theat

IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., under date of March 1, our correspondent thus reviews amusements there:

Theatrical managers have been wearing very long faces since the advent of Lent, in consequence of the slim patronage bestowed. At the California during the week W. J. Florence appeared, with his usual ability, in "Dombey and Son," "Ticket-of-leave Man" and "No Thoroughfare." With the appearance of Mrs. Florence Feb. 25, he attracted the largest attendance of the week by the reproduct on of the first appearance at this theatre 3 in "Mother and Son."..... "Within an Inch of His Life," which has proved to be a moderate success at the Grand Opera-house, will be withdrawn after its representation March 8. "The Passion," drawn after its representation March 8. "The Passion," drawn after its representation March 8. "The Passion," Morse's much-talked-of passion play, will be produced "with all due solemnity and strict attention to historical facts." This play has in advance of its production been severely criticised and condemned, and the local press has unanimously in denouncing the author for writing and the management for presenting what they term a sacrilege. From the amount of gratuitous advertising "The Passion" has received it bids fair to become a great success. There has been no improvement in point of interest at Baldwin's, where Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels have presented an excellent refined entertainment. Being themselves artists, it is a source of regret that their efforts to amuse have not been better appreciated. The singing by the Queen City Quartet is a rich musical treat, and their selections are highly rewarded. Rhesmann and his big fiddle also form an attractive feature in this entertainment, which during the week has concluded with an amusing sketch entitled "Within a Foot of His Life." The party leave 10 to make a trip through the interior country, performing in San Bernardino 11, Los Angeles 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, Visalia 18, Modesto 19 M. 12, Los Angeles 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, Visalia 18, Modesto 19 Stockton 20, San Jose 21, 22. On their return to 'Frisco they will be joined by a well-known favorite, and after a brief week's performance in this city it is more than probable they will make a voyage to Australia. Miss Rose Eytinge will make her first appearance at Baldwin's 10 in "The Miner's Daughter," another title for "That Last Love of Lowrie's." Cyril Searle is enjoying himself at San Rafael. ....."Hobbies" has almost concluded a four weeks' run at the Bush-street Theatre, where the Eliza-Weathersby at the Bush-street Theatre, where the Eliza-Weathersby Prodigal still holds the boards. "Brothers" and farce "Which Shall I Marry?" will be the attraction for the week commencing 3. The Hyers Sisters, now playing in Virginia City to good business, will appear here 17..... Mrs. Rentz's Minstrels have during the week appeared in living art pictures and "The Female Forty Thieves" at the Standard. A new series of pictures and "The Innocent Pastor" will be the principal attractions presented next week. The Adelphi has attracted crowded audiences. The new song-and-dance artists Waters and Kelly have made a decided hit, and the gymnastic evolutions introduced by the Mossmans are marvelous. The successful James Warren's banjo-solos are sightly encored. Barney, the Estelline Sisters, Harry Le Clair, Nettie Ennis and Jeff De Angelis assist in an interlude of pleasing specialty acts. The British Blondes appear to advantage in the burlesque of "Orpheus," in which Lottie Elliott as Arestaeus carries off the honors. The burlesque "Blackeyed Susan" will be produced 3. The Blondes, on the completion of their present engagement, sail for Australia, and an advance agent will depart in the interim to complete the necessary arrangements. .....A good business has been done at the Bella Union, where Charley Reed as the Colored Senator has been very funny in his executations. With the addition of the Whitehouse Sisters, in gems by Piera Franks and Vera Vernon, songs and dances by the Richmond Sisters, Marie Zoel, and Cummings and Harrington, the specialties by the Ransomes, Indian-club exercises by Lotta Richards, and the performance of Kelly's Lancashire clog by Patti Rosa, form a pleasing interlude. F. G. Maeder and Miss Lena appear to advantage in Maeder's own dramatization of "Buffalo Bill." The "only female wrestling match" between Mollie Bailey and Jessie Ward, whose recent prize glove contest was prevented by police interference, have been engaged to appear in a sparring bout 3.....C. E. Locke, manager of the Bush-street Theatre, returned from the East on the 23d inst. .....Kay Hedley, a member of the Baldwin Theatre Company, is matched to run a foot-race to-morrow for $250!..... Baker and Farron, at last accounts, were in Napier, New Zealand, 3. — The Chronicle, this date, states: "Clara Morris has signed an engagement with Mr. Baldwin for ten weeks, commencing in February next, at $300 each representation and all traveling expenses. This sum is $30,000 for the engagement—the largest ever guaranteed in this city to a single star. Mr. Baldwin also insures her being supported in the future by the entire strength of the company, as Mr. Maguire intends to do in the case of Mme. Janauschek, who will not play with stars." ..... Mike Ryan of the Bush-street Theatre is incontestable at the loss of his celebrated setter dog..... Prof. D B Hughes' Troupe of Model Artistes are billed at the Standard 3, with the Mozart Minstrels..... Louis James is coming to the California Theatre.

J. W. RANKSON, his wife and daughter, and MRS. BESSIE OTON, supported by amateurs, produced in Seymour, Ind., March 5 a dramatic version of that pace, as dramatized, entitled "Argo and Irene," to a large audience. It will be given in Indianapolis and several other Indiana towns.

AT THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, during the past week there was given, to light audiences, a fair rendition of "H. M. S. Pinafore" with the following cast: Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. Gaston; Capt. Corcoran, Mr. Humphries; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. Bernard; Dick Deadeye, T. D. Martin; Josephine, Louise Leighton, who sang charmingly; Little Buttercup, Nellie Mortimer; Cousin Hebe, Adine Stevens. The last-named young lady is as pretty a representative as Hebe has ever had; she is the niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. John Drew. ..... March 10 Alice Oates and her company produce Lecocq's "Little Duke" for the first time in Philadelphia. They continue during the week commencing 17..... The rumor that Mrs. Drew will not manage this house next season, her lease having expired, is entirely without foundation. She will continue to control its destinies, her lease having about two years yet to run. There is no truth, as definitely about her plans for next season, but it is not probable that she will have a regular stock company, as has been reported.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE COMPANY, a "snap" company from Boston, under the management of one J. A. Page, were advertised to play in Gardner, Mass., March 1, but did not have enough people to show to, says a correspondent, who adds: "The Metropolitan Theatre Company left Gardner in his house over night, and they took up quarters in the depot, where they remained till the Sunday-morning express train came along, when the ladies took it for Boston and the male portion of the troupe started on foot for the 'Hub.'"

AT THE COURT-SQUARE THEATRE, Brooklyn, last week Geo. F. Rowe performed in "Little Em'ly" and "Bleak House" to poor business. Mr. Rowe and W. J. Shea appeared to advantage in both plays. This week J. Proctor in "Nick of the Woods" is to be the star.

MISS HAMMIE PERRYMAN made a successful debut on the dramatic stage in the Opera-house, Belleville, Ill., March 6, acting Gertrude in "The Little Treasure." She was born in 1860, and is an orphan. She is a pupil of Manager J. A. Simon of the Opera-house.

THE "MOTHER GOOSE" COMBINATION can be secured by addressing Managers Kohler or Lewis, care of this office.

A NEW PLAY AND DEBUTANTE.—David Lowry of *The Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Evening Chronicle* is the author of the new drama entitled "Devoted," which had its first representation on any stage in the Opera-house, that city, March 3. Our correspondent says: "It was originally named 'Devotion;' but, as that title had been copyrighted, it was changed to 'Devoted.' Miss Maggie E. Muhlanbring, a Pittsburg lady, who had been for some time preparing herself for the stage, made her dramatic debut on this occasion. The play is in four acts, and was cast thus: John Lee, an inventor, John A. Ellsler; Benjamin Gray, his brother-in-law, Fred Barton; Arthur Crawdon, a mill-owner, Robert C. Hudson; Dick Secum, an attorney, Charles F. Ralph; Dreenwood, an artist, F. C. Mosely; Willis Jermyn, a polished villain, G. S. Robinson; Bob Buggles, a servant to Crawdon, R. Woodman; Peter Giles, foreman of Crawdon's mills, John Ogden; Messenger, E. Davies; Florence Lee, Miss M. E. Muhlanbring; Tillie Tufts, maid to Florence, Miss Ettie Baker; Mrs. Crawdon, Miss Florence Baldwin; and Mrs. Lee, Miss C. Lawrence. The dialogue is sensible and often interesting, and the motive pure; but there is nothing in 'Devoted' upon which to build a successful play. The plot is shallow, the action sluggish, and the situations are commonplace. The characters, with but one or two exceptions, are sketchy, and the comic element is deficient. The author's first effort cannot be pronounced an entire failure; but there is nothing in it to warrant the assertion that he has poetic genius as a writer of plays. Miss Muhlanbring, the debutante, had a part which required but a modicum of dramatic skill to do it justice. She possesses personal attractions, which assisted her in securing at the start the sympathies of the audience. Nature has given her a stately stage presence, and she displayed refined and winning manners. She delivered her lines in a clear and distinct voice, and her elocution was very commendable. Yet it was painfully apparent, at times, that she is a novice. She gave unmistakable evidence of the possession of latent power, and close study and careful stage training will, we think, make her after a while a competent and popular actress. Her efforts were honestly applauded, and she and Mr. Ellsler were several times called before the curtain. The prominent character in the piece was acted by Manager John A. Ellsler, and it was an impersonation of rare merit. It is a difficult part, but he proved equal to its requirements. The little that Miss Baldwin had to do was pleasingly accomplished, and the roles entrusted to Mr. Woodman and Miss Baker were satisfactorily performed, but otherwise the cast was not what it should have been. 'Devoted' attracted fair audiences, and was withdrawn after two representations. 'Rip Van Winkle' was presented 5, 6, 7, and matinee 8, with Mr. Ellsler as Rip, and Miss Baldwin as Gretchen, both acquitting themselves handsomely. 'The Factory Girl' will be produced night of 8, in which Miss Lizzie Jeremy of Pittsburg will make her dramatic debut. March 10 Miss Emc Ellsler in 'La Cigale.'"

ROBERT FOX has been tendered a benefit by citizens of Philadelphia, and it will take place at the American Theatre, that city, March 20.

FORD & ZIMMERMAN have renewed their lease of the Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT to Rufus Adams, the elocutionist, is to take place soon in Philadelphia.

MUSICAL.

JOHN B. FRENCH'S Fifth-avenue "Pinafore" Company played in Jersey City, N. J., March 3, 4, 5, 6, Yonkers, N. Y., 7, Newburg 8, and 10 billed in Kingston 10, Cohoes 11, Schenectady 12, Saratoga 13, Syracuse 14, 15.

THE BERGERS and Sol Smith Russell Combinations perform in Aurora, Ill., March 24, Quincy 25, Hannibal, Mo., 26, St. Joseph 27, Kansas City 28, Lawrence, Kas., 29, Topeka 31, Kansas City, Mo. (return visit), April 1, Leavenworth, Kas., 2, Atchison 3, Council Bluffs, Ia., 4, Omaha, Neb., 5, San Francisco, Cal., 14.

C. BUETTNER, slide-trombone-player, advertises for an engagement.

E. CLARK offers choice music for violin, guitar, and banjo. See advertisement.

TWO MUSICIANS who play in brass and string want an engagement with a circus band. See H. C. Straight's card.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER advertises for an engagement.

OUR HAVANA, CUBA, correspondent, writing on March 1, says: "The opera-troupe are still in Matanzas, and, according to reports, are retrieving their past ill-success. Signor Rosnati was a failure here, and with his wife left for New York Feb. 22. This makes the second tenor who has failed here this season. The theatre is now closed."

BEULA MERTON, lady cornet-soloist, and Joachim, humorist and musical specialist, who performed with success for three weeks at the American Museum, this city, are now in the second week of their engagement at the Brooklyn Museum. They can be addressed care of this office.

A CLARIONET and alto player wants an engagement. Address C. B., as per card.

MANAGER GEO. K. GOODWIN of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has decided not to wait till next season, but to open the Arch-street Opera-house at once as a first-class legitimate Opera-house at once as a first-class legitimate Theatre. He has a three years' lease, with the privilege of two years more, dating from March 10, when he will open it with "H. M. S. Pinafore," played by the Fifth-avenue "Pinafore" Company. The following is the cast: Josephine, Mlle. Blanche Corelli; Hebe, Miss Ida Foy; Little Buttercup, Mme. Julie De Rythet; the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., J. H. Burnett; Captain Corcoran, Vincent Hogan; Ralph Rackstraw, H. Corcoran, Dick Deadeye, Geo. Byron; Bill Bobstay, Mr. Van Houton; Bob Becket, Peter Chrystal; Tom Tucker, Master Louis; Tom Bowline, Mr. Henry. Mr. Goodwin will make some improvements in the house. The stage will be enlarged to 50 by 55 feet. Some additions and improvements will be made to the dressing-rooms, and a few seats added to the auditorium. In making these improvements it will not be necessary to close the establishment. The present seating capacity is about 1,200. The house will be known as the Park Theatre. On the opening night a libretto of "Pinafore" and a copy of Little Buttercup's songs will be presented to every lady present.

THERE IS NO CHANGE in the bill at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia. "Trial by Jury" and "H. M. S. Pinafore" still hold the boards. Mlle. Ella Montejo, well known in that city as a concert-singer, replaced Annie Pixley as Josephine March 3, making on that date her first appearance in opera.....It is not improbable that Manager Crossy will have a new theatre of his own next season, on a site which he declines to mention, but he states positively that it is not that adjoining the Academy of Fine Arts, and that his present landlords will have nothing to do with it, as has been rumored. There are ten capitalists who have offered to lend him $15,000 each, making a total of $150,000, for the purpose of building a theatre. He contemplates accepting this offer.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE" was given at the Museum, Philadelphia, by the Holman Opera Troupe during the past week to fair business.....Commencing March 10, entertainments will be given afternoon and evening for the benefit of the Employment Bureau of the Grand Army of the Republic. These entertainments will consist of music, recitations, and tableaux of the Civil War. They will be given by members of the G. A. R., assisted by several professionals.....A rumor that H. J. Sargent may take this establishment next season is declared by Jas. McGirr, the present manager, to be unfounded. Mr. McGirr has the privilege of the house, and says he will continue to manage it next season.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA COMPANY appeared at the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., for four nights, commencing March 3, when was presented, for the first time in that city, Verdi's "Aida," with Kellogg and Cary as Aida and Amneris, respectively. On the 4th "Mignon" was sung, with Litta, Cary, Lancaster, and Messrs. Westberg, Conly, Gottschalk, and Barili in the cast. "Carmen" was presented on the 5th, Kellogg as Carmen. "Il Trovatore" was billed for the 6th, but, owing to the sudden illness of Kellogg, "Faust" was substituted, with Litta, Cary, Lancaster, Westberg, Conly, and Gottschalk. Business was very large, with the exception of the "Mignon" night, when the house was only two-thirds full. Route: Buffalo, N. Y., March 7, 8, Toledo, O., 10, 11, Detroit, Mich., 12, 13, 14, 15, Chicago 17, for one week. Saville's "Pinafore" Company March 10.

DR. L. S. BENNETT, second-violinist and alto or tenor player, advertises for an engagement.

SHAFFER'S SWISS BELLRINGERS play in Petersham, Mass., March 11, Coldbrook 12, Hardwick 13, Gilbertville 14, Brimfield 15. Manager Oscar Shaffer can be addressed care of this office.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS start on a ten weeks' tour April 7.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE" is to be sung in Nashville, Tenn., March 10, 11, by Campbell's Comic-opera Company.

G. LEVER, trombone and euphonium player, advertises for an engagement.

S. S. STEWART, whose address find in our business department, has published some new banjo music.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE."—Complete orchestral parts of this opera, arranged for thirteen instruments, are published by Thompson & Odell of Boston. See advertisement.

THE DIME BANJO MUSIC COMPANY send instructions, tunes, and a catalogue of banjo-music for ten cents. See card.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS for the banjo are advertised by Al Baur.

G. GIBSON, violinist and E flat cornet-player, advertises for an engagement.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE" has been the reigning sensation at three theatres in Boston during the week of March 30. Our correspondent says: "It was in this city the start was first given this droll and attractive work, which has since been produced in every section of the country, and at no other place on earth more frequently than within our memory. Of the different renditions there is much to admire in each, but the public still hold fast to their first love at the Boston Museum, where it had been originally produced. It is rumored that the two other theatres have withdrawn it from their bills, it is further announced at this theatre for an indefinite term, the very large audiences gathered during the past week to the contrary. At the Museum the performers were the same as on its original production, with the single exception of Jean Cronier, who replaces Sallie Martinot as Cousin Hebe. The other principal characters will be noticed in a new setting which necessitates a main-deck, with Portsmouth in the offing, with ships in sail and at anchor, and a large, practicable lighthouse, which is illuminated during the second act. The chorus and orchestra are unchanged, and, under the baton of John Braham, it is needless to say the musical portions were admirably given. The opera was preceded at each performance of the week, save evening of 8, by the farce-comedy "A Cup of Tea," played by Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. Criso, Mr. Nolan, and Miss Clarke. For the first benefit in Boston of Miss Marie Wainwright evening of 8, the comedy "Time Tries All" was revived, with Miss Wainwright as Cicely Copley, Lizzie Harold as Fanny Foss, George W. Wilson as Tom Tast, Henry Crisp as Matthew Bliss, and J. A. Smith, J. Burrows, William Cowper, and Bell as Jones, Perez, K. Warren, Jr., Thorpe, J. Cooper as Capt. Corcoran, Charles H. Thompson as Ralph Rackstraw, John Benitz as Dick Deadeye, Miss Ethel Lynton as Josephine, and Mrs. Flora K. Barry as Little Buttercup.....At St. James' Hall the Strakosch Opera Company drew a moderate-sized audience 7, and a very large one 8."

HOLMAN'S BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE in "H. M. S. Pinafore" commences a week's engagement in Richmond, Va., March 10; thence to Norfolk, Va., 17, 18, Petersburg 19, Wilmington, N. C., 20, Charleston, S. C., 21, 22, Savannah, Ga., 24, 25, 26.

BLIND TOM is on a Southern tour. He concertized in Selma, Ala., March 6.

THE DRAYTON OPERA TROUPE made a somewhat amateurish work of "Pinafore" in Troy, N. Y., March 5, 6. Mrs. Henri Drayton being probably the only professional in the party. The first act was good, the orchestra poor, and business fair 5, but blank 6. Cast: Josephine, Lizetta Elliot; Buttercup, Mrs. Drayton; Hebe, Fannie Drayton; Admiral, Geo Mack; Corcoran, F. J. Holton; Rackstraw, William Leigh; Deadeye, Thomas Wadleton. A clever hornpipe and ballad were introduced by two variety people, late of the Grand Central. Proposed route: Utica 7, 8, Ithaca 10, 11, Auburn 12, 13, Geneva 14, Syracuse 17, 18 19..... The Miss Clara Courtney Concert Troupe—Remenyi, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney and Dulckes—appeared March 3 to a good house.

IN MACAULEY'S THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., Campbell's Comic-opera Company in "H. M. S Pinafore" played to large audiences all the past week. Mr. Campbell made a seven-hundred-mile jump in order to be the first to produce the opera in the South, and the result here has been highly satisfactory to him. The singing and acting of the company are creditable. Miss Eugenia Paul as Josephine, Miss Estelle Mortimer as Little Buttercup, and Willie Drew as Sir Joseph being the most noticeable in the cast. The chorus and orchestra are fair, as far as concerned, and appointments are concerned. The company play in Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Montgomery next week, and open in New Orleans 16, for one week or more. Barney Gilmore is engaged in writing a new military comic opera, which he has christened "West Point." He expects to produce it in New York about May 5. Prof. G. A. Kerker of this city is engaged in writing some of the numbers.

GROSSMAN DEAN STERLING is reported to have drawn a rosewood piano, said to be valued at $300, at a gift-book sale in Boston, Mass.

FRENCH'S FIFTH-AVENUE PINAFORE COMPANY performs in Kingston, N. Y., March 10, Cohoes 11, Schenectady 12, Saratoga 13, Syracuse 14, 15.

AN E-FLAT CORNET PLAYER is wanted. One who can teach and lead a band. See C. C. Tyndi's card.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Lewis, Mo., the Hess Opera Troupe, with Emma Abbott as prima donna, drew large and fashionable audiences during the week ending 8. Miss Abbott was in good voice, and made a lasting impression. Mrs. Chaquin was warmly welcomed by her many St. Louis admirers, and Messrs. Castle and Turner were also remembered. The repertory for the week included "The Bohemian Girl," "Chimes of Normandy," "Il Trovatore," and "Faust," all of which were rendered in good style.

PAULINE MARKHAM'S "Pinafore" Party are billed in Aurora, Ind., March 13, Madison 12.

THE ARTISTS appearing at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, March 3, were Harry C. Holmes, the Crawford Brothers, Master Rice, Harry Richmond, J. T. Thomas, and Acland Von Boyle. The three first named closed 8. Business good. Dr. Landis, Lizzie Mulvey, Joppe and Fanny Delano, Mlle. Elise, and McCullough and Casey open 10.....Harry G. Richmond benefits March 18. Among the volunteers are Al Modowell, Jacques Kruger, Charley Reynolds, Nelson Smith, Dr. Landis, Billy Carroll, Josephine West, and Mlle. Elise.....Judge Biddle has set the recent sale of this house aside, giving the following opinion:

It is evident from the depositions that this property cost a great deal of money, and that it was sold for much less than it was worth. This, however, is too usual an incident to justify our setting it aside on that ground, or being a ste to find other reasons which might justify our doing so. A theatre, from its character, does not invite as large a circle of bidders as other real estate, and we think it would be a very great risk to order another sale when it has actually brought $40,000. We have, however, been presented with a duly executed bond, by which the parties bind themselves that, on an additional amount of $5,000 shall be bid upon the property if it is resold. This, of course, assures that much for the creditors in addition There are, it is said, from $35,000 to $40,000 worth of the claims upon the fund for work and materials. They ask for the resale, and the execution-creditor does not object. The only party opposing it is the purchaser. His rights, of course, ought to be considered. He has naturally claims, and a right to claim, that his bargain should not be taken from him. In addition to the inadequacy of price, however, it appears there had been a misdescription of the property. There is a building indicated upon the advertisement as a theatre, which has three rooms, built for and used as real-estate offices. This building is valued, with the ground on which it stands, by different persons as worth from $2,500 to $3,000. There are also upon the premises two tenements of seven houses, of which the cellars are dug and walled up. This work is valued at $600 or $700. There is no mention in the Sheriff's sale of either of these improvements, and the testimony is that they are in no way connected with the theatre. It is impossible for us to say how much or how little the failure to mention these improvements affected the amount bid for the property; but as by the evidence the whole cost was $136,000, and it sold for $40,000, we cannot say that the omission to mention these may not have aided in bringing about that result. Under all these circumstances we therefore make this rule absolute, requiring the same amount of deposit-money as before.

AT FOX'S American Theatre, Philadelphia, for the week ending March 8, the attractions were Kelly and Weston, Foreman and Gallagher, Neil Smith and dogs, Wiley Hamilton, T. W. Hanshew, and Grahame and Gilbert. Business good. Mlle. Rhea closed on the above date), Harry Wentworth, Nellie Thorne, Mlle. Modelka and Harry Blanchard, and Mons. Leopold. Business good. Geo. W. Stinsman, treasurer, benefits March 28. Geo. France, Fanny Prestige, Young Hercules, the Hogan Bros., and Nellie Thomas arrive 10..... It is rumored that Adam Forepaugh, the well-known circus-manager, and George K. Goodwin, manager of the Walnut-street Theatre, have offered to purchase this house, paying $60,000 down, and taking up the mortgage for $90,000 which rests on the property, J. Fox, present business-manager for Mr. Fox, states that that gentleman has not the slightest idea of parting with the theatre, and will continue as its proprietor and manager. Mr. Forepaugh and Mr. Goodwin, on the contrary, state that they are negotiating for the theatre, but that no definite arrangement has yet been made.

CORT'S Dime Museum, in last week's CLIPPER, the trial of Robert Fox began in Philadelphia March 3. Several witnesses for the prosecution testified that liquor was sold and drunk in the barroom of Fox's Theatre on Sunday night, Dec. 22. The defense called no witnesses, relying on the argument of counsel. The trial occupied the Court all of a few minutes before 9 o'clock P. M. Next day a sealed verdict was rendered by the jury. A postponement of sentence was asked for by defendant's counsel was refused, and Mr. Fox was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs and undergo an imprisonment of thirty days. Prior to going to prison, he repaired to his theatre, accompanied by Sheriff's officers, and took leave of his company. Shortly after the trial, the District-attorney obtained a writ upon Fox to show cause why his license for sale of liquor in his theatre should not be revoked. The writ was made returnable March 7, and on that date Fox was brought into Court. His counsel, being asked if they had anything to say, replied that they had not. Judge Finletter thereupon declared the license revoked. Fox was then taken back to prison. Two executions have been issued against him—one for $589.47 at the suit of Henry Van Bell, the proceeds of which, and all Harry Fox's suit of J. C. Curran, business-manager of Fox's Theatre. Unless otherwise provided for prior to Wednesday, March 12, Mr Fox's personal property in the theatre, consisting of bar-fixtures, scenery, etc., will be sold at Sheriff's sale on that date to satisfy these debts.

WALDMAN'S THEATRE, Newark, N. J., passed through its first week of purely variety programme to discouraging business. The arrivals for March 10 are Kelly and Ryan, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Charles E. Worley, Mlle. Cerito, Wood and Beasley, Fannie Davenport, Avery and La Rue, and Ada Forrest. Departures 8: Alice Gleason, to Pittsburg; Reynolds and Walling, and Awata Katsunohin, to New York; the Sartori Parlor Opera Company, to Rochester; and the Wellington Sisters, to Philadelphia.....The Vendegrift Sisters, after a brief but successful business. The departures 8 are Fields and Hanson, to Cleveland; James and Raby McDonald, to Philadelphia; and Hall and De Bar, to New York. To arrive 10: Joe Mack, Sam Martin and Fanny Herring.

AT THE NATIONAL, Hartford, Ct., the new people last week were Walter Bray, a meritorious Ethiopian comedian, who is engaged for the season; Mama Brooks, serio-comic; Conson and Buckley, song-and-dance; Harry Hart, a favorite comedian; Guilford and Mitchell, Irish song-and-dance; and Neil Burgess. Closed 8: Cotton and Buckley, to Providence; Neil Burgess, to New York; and Guilford and Mitchell. Announced for 10: Yale and Cameron, McVicker and Saunders, the Livingstone Brothers, and John Murtz.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., business was light. On March 3, although six people were announced, four did not put in an appearance. Marie Griffin and Prof. Leopold gave a sparring exhibition. Alice Gilmore was apologized for by the manager on account of a spasm. The best thing on the programme was a cornet-solo, "Whirlwind Polka," by Mr. Sieykall of the orchestra. Maura and Dixon close 9. Opening 10: the Van Zandt Brothers, Laura Le Clair, Ada Lewis, Turner and Mass.....Business has been good in the Coliseum, where the new people were the Fontainebleaus in their specialties, captivating all, and W. T. Stephens, Minnie Oscar Gray and dogs in the drama of "Dogs of the Storm." Departures 8: Vic Reynolds, to Louisville; Irwin Sisters, St. Louis; W. T. Stephens, Minnie Oscar Gray, Indianapolis; Alice Murray and Millie Barnes, no destination. The arrivals for 10 are Delehanty and Hengler, Blanche Selwyn, the Freeman Sisters, the Claire Sisters, Mons. Naoni, Ben Gilfoy, the Barlow Brothers, and Nellie Young. Warren Bordwell, the East Saginaw manager, was in town 7 looking for talent. Harry Thompson's benefit takes place 10 in the Detroit Opera-house.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS given at the three variety theatres in Boston, Mass., the past week have each been fairly patronized, the bill at the Howard Athenæum opening with a melodrama in three acts entitled "A Block Game," in which George France appeared as Skip Johnson, a darky, and his trained dogs, Bruno and Don Cæsar, as the friends of a fireman. The remainder of the characters were assumed by Harry Fawnette, Tony Williams, Fred Stettinius, Jr., Bessie Maynard, Charles Herbert, Mark Sullivan, Harry Woodson and Misses Lillian Monroe, Eva Byron, and Hattie Saphore. The olio presented Frank A. Gibbons in his hazardous aerial performance; Tony Williams and Mark Sullivan, the Hibernian Pair, in their version of "Irish Life in America;" Harry Woodson as a representative Southern darky; Thomas and Lucy Johnson in Orchard's Indian-club-swinging act, and the sketch of "Ambition," in which Barney McNulty appeared as Pat O'Brien, supported by the company. Billed for 10: The New York Novelty Combination, including Harry Kernell, Watson and Ellis, Kitty O'Neil, Jennie Engle, Scanlon and Cronin, Charles Postelle, Harry Armstrong, Kate McDowell, Kate Castleton, Harris and Carroll, Bobby Newcomb and Annie Bush.....The Eagle Minstrels were the opening feature of the programme of the Boylston Museum, Chales H. Yale occupying the bone-end, Billy Cameron the tambo, and Al. Decker being middle-man, with Spray Arlington, Myrtle Engles, Tillie Sargent, Emma Marden and the Boylston Quartet as song-givers. The novelty appearances were J. D. Kelley in a musical act, playing upon numerous instruments, and Nick Eddie on the tight-rope; Walsh and King as clog and jig dancers; Mabel Pearl in serio-comic songs; Perry and Magrew, high kickers, in a comical sparring contest; and the burlesque of "Our Babies" concluded the show. Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers appeared 7 in a sparring match. New stars 10: Harry Woodson, Nellie Montrose, Jerry Cohen, Miss Jeffreys-Warner, John Pendy, and Dick Sands.....The only fresh appearance at the Palais Royal Museum was Professor Rhinehart and his trained dogs. Announced for March 10: Mlle. Adeline, the Shaw Sisters, Millie Clifton, George Carey, the Francois Brothers, and Professor Thimbald. A gallery is soon to be added.....Charles H. Yale, after appearing in Hartford, Ct., week of 10, returns to the Boylston Museum 17 in a new burlesque. Advices of March 9.

THE ARRIVALS at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., March 9 were Schoolcraft and Coes, who presented "Mrs. Dittimus' Party," and Tommy Turner, whose banjo-playing, lavishly interpolated with funny sayings and songs, was highly relished by the audience. Belle Fairmount was taken sick in Pittsburg and could not appear as advertised, and Kitty Allyne was re-engaged to fill the vacancy caused by the non-arrival of Lulu Francis, who is sick in Chicago. The departures are Cummings and Mack and the Parker Sisters. Announcements for 9: Mrs. Brennan and Capt. George Liable, the Irwin Sisters, and Kelly and Haley. Schoolcraft and Coes remain another week.....At the Globe "Rosina Meadows," performed by the stock company, was the principal attraction. The olio consisted of the specialties of Williams and Sully, Addie Palmer, and George Dempster. No departures and no arrivals. A pawnbroker, whose establishment adjoins this theatre, endeavored to have Manager Decker's license revoked by making sundry statements which were never proven. The Globe came out ahead in the race, and Mr. Decker has a new license. Letter of March 7.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., business was large the past week. "H. M. S. Pinafore" being the chief attraction. The opera was well put on and strongly rendered, and it will run another week. The Livingston Bros. and John Murtz, Jennie Sothern, Mollie Wilson, McVickers and Saunders, with Frankie Christie and Fannie Lucelle, made up a capital olio. Mayo and Fash and the three Milsons, who were largely billed, disappointed without notice. The new faces for March 10 are Billy Carter, Perry and Magrew, Mlle. Fita Collins and Buckley. Departures 9: Mollie Wilson, to New York; Livingston Bros. and J. Murtz, and McVicker and Saunders, to Hartford, Ct.

FEMALE SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at the Vine-street Opera-house, Cincinnati, O. See C. S. Smith's card.

CARRIE WENTWORTH, serio-comic vocalist, who has been fulfilling successful engagements through the West, can be engaged. Manager J. S. Edwards of the Coliseum, Cincinnati, O., gives her a high endorsement in a card published in another column. She can be addressed care of this office.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Hoboken, N., J., the company this week includes McAuley and Howe, the Carlerwarts, Conroy and Daly, Belle Cushing, Sam Roberts, Chas. Perham, McCoy and Reilly, Gussie Viola and Maud Florette.

THE OPENING PERFORMANCE of last week at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., was witnessed by an audience that packed the house in every part, and the attendance continued good throughout the entire week, despite of strong counter-attractions. The new people March 3 were the Murrays—Tom and Henrietta—in an Irish sketch; Winnetta Craven in parlor pictures; Tom Hedges, tenor-vocalist and piccolo-soloist; Fred F. Levantine, equilibrist; Polly Daly, whose singing met with praise; Sheehan and Jones, whose clever Irish business evoked uproarious laughter; Captain Joe Rainbolt and wife in remarkable feats of marksmanship; and Delehanty and Hengler, whose specialties were received with great applause. Closed 8: The Murrays, Winnetta Craven and Tom Hedges, to Cleveland; Fred F. Levantine, Sheehan and Jones and Polly Daly, to Brooklyn; Delehanty and Hengler, to Detroit; and Capt. Joe Rainbolt and wife, no date. Coming 10: Tim Rogers, Jennie Morgan, Flora Moore, Foley and Sheffer, Queen and Bell, Bryant and Saville, Wood and West and Mlle. Lottie. Alf. McDowell, who has been quite sick for a week past, will reappear 10.....The Novelty Company gave three performances in the Academy of Music, 5, to large and well-satisfied audiences. The company is a very strong one, including Scanlon and Cronin, Harris and Carroll, Jennie Engle, Kate Castleton, Bobby Newcomb, Kitty O'Neil, Frank Bush, Harry Kernell, Harry Armstrong and Fostelle.

THE FRESH FACES at the Theatre Comique, Brooklyn, E. D., March 3 were the Four Aces—Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin—in their eccentric specialties; Georgie McIntoste, vocalist, who seems to be a standing favorite here; Mark Mario, vocalist; James Messenger, cannon-ball juggler; Prof. Ventriloquist; and Nealon and Carroll in musical specialties. The performance was worthy of better patronage than was accorded through the week. Billed for 10 are Sam Devere, Ada Standish, the Budworths, George Goodman, Maggie and Williams, Mons. Le Roseau and Hy. Corwin.

DURING the week ending March 8 Alexander Zanfretta, Tom Vance, Harris and Wood, Master Lew Hurley and Hyde (all of whom closed on above date), Baby Goodman, John Goodman, Eloise Allen, Clark Gibbs, A. J. Talbot, Kitty Sanford, J. L. Manning, Dolly Davenport and Nellie Edwards appeared at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, to large audiences. The Love Sisters, Masters Sweeny and Kenny, Stewart and Price, and Styles and Manning come 10....Harry Guion, stage-manager, who was recently convicted of keeping a disorderly house known as the Arcade Garden, has been sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar and serve an imprisonment of thirty days, dating from March 5. He will return to the Central at the expiration of his sentence, and take a benefit. O. B. Collins is now stage-manager of the Alio, the other new faces being Billy and Lizzie Hanley in a sketch; Dan Sully in Irish specialties; and Johnny Max, German comique. Arthur Sprague and Minnie Rainforth have been retained in the stock, the latter for a season of sixteen weeks. Eddie Morbach, leader of orchestra, failed to materialize at rehearsal 3, and up to this writing his whereabouts are unknown. Closing 8: Turner and Maas and Ella Mayo, to Detroit. New 10: Minnie Oscar Grey and Wm. T. Stephens, Harry Fielding and Maggie Walker, Johnny Smith.....Alice Gilmore has appealed her case to the Superior Court of this county, her attorney becoming her bondsman, and has also caused six separate indictments to be found against Jacob Crone. Letter of March 8.

AT PARMELEE'S NOVELTY THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., the St. Felix Sisters, the Love Sisters, William Noonan and Alice Bateman were the leading attractions the past week, and drew good houses. Closing 8: Wm. Noonan and Alice Bateman, to St. Louis; the Love Sisters, to Philadelphia; Edith Lysle and Howard Glidden, to Indianapolis; John Foster, to Cincinnati; and the St. Felix Sisters, to Chicago. To open 10: Morris and Green, Clark and Edwards, the Glass Brothers and Conn Fredericks, Miss Vic Reynolds; Lydia Rosa, and Carrie Howard.....The opening of the Music Hall as Phœnix Hill Garden, under Mr. Parmelee's management, March 2, was a success, notwithstanding the weather was unpropitious.....At the Metropolitan "The Two Orphans," produced in a creditable manner, was the feature of the week's entertainment, but has not attracted paying audiences. Frank Foster as the Chevalier, Mary Booth as La Frochard, W. H. Morris as Pierre, Miss Hattie Morris as Henriette, and Lillie Brace as Louise, all gave strong performances. The remainder of the cast was well sustained. An olio, composed of Welsh and Starrin, Miss Josie Welch, Brace and Jefferson, and the Charests in their specialties, preceded the play. Frank Foster, Mary Booth, Welch and Starrin and Josie Welch close 8, for

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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Permit me to take this public method of thanking you, one and all, for your superb gift to me of a gold cable-chain at Providence, R. I., Feb. 22, and I trust I shall always be ready to do my duty towards you in the future, as you kindly expressed I had done in the past; and, hoping that our pleasant relations may continue to the end of a long and prosperous season.

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